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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God? This is He that came by water and blood, Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood.

From Sext of Low Sunday.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL
MINNESOTA

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.

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Catholic Digest

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Harlem's Holy House

Corporal works come alive

By EDWARD DOHERTY

Condensed from the *Torch**

It is the rarest place I know. It is unique among all unique institutions. It is new, gloriously new. And it is simple and unpretentious, and astonishingly little known.

It's called Friendship House, and it's tucked away and almost lost in a welter of stores and tenements in W. 135th St., New York City. This is Harlem, one of the great Negro communities of the world, Harlem that is known to many as the "wickedest city in the world."

A Russian noblewoman, the Baroness Catherine de Hueck, founded it almost three years ago. Founded isn't the word, though. Say, rather, she created it. Or better still, say that she begged it into being.

You must know something about the baroness before you can appreciate my "conastery." She's a beautiful woman with sparkling blue eyes. She's strong and golden-haired. She stands straight when she stands and squares her shoulders, and a great sweet voice pours out praises to Christ from her deep bosom.

In her young life she had been many things. She had lived in a palace with half a hundred servants to wait upon her, and money enough to care for ten poor families every week.

She went through the terror of the revolution. Twenty members of her immediate family were slain by the bolsheviki. She and her husband managed to get to Finland, but they were captured there by the Reds, and starved until their flesh hung loosely over their bones, until their eyes popped out of their heads, until they were almost dead.

A detachment of the White army rescued them after a skirmish with the Reds, and brought them to safety.

Since then the baroness has been in

**141 E. 65th St., New York City. February, 1941.*

all parts of the world, and has known all kinds of work. She has been a Red Cross nurse with the British army, and was decorated for heroic service. She has been a waitress, a lady's maid, a chambermaid, an author's agent, an author and lecturer, a saleswoman, a dish washer, a social worker, a field hand, a cook, a laundress, and a war correspondent.

She has, at times, known hunger and bitter want. She has, at other times, known wealth comparable to that she knew in Russia. But at the height of her affluence she decided to devote her life to helping the poorest of the poor, the Negroes of Harlem.

She began her adventure by taking a subway train to 135th St., looking for a flat. She found a room in a Negro tenement building. She had $3 and a typewriter. Everything else she gave away.

She had no furniture: no bed, no chair, no table, no chinaware, no knives, no forks, no spoons. She slept on newspapers for a time, as befitted, she thought, "God's beggar."

She went begging for the poor in her immediate neighborhood. She begged beds for them, and clothes, and food. For herself she did not beg, trusting in the Holy Ghost to take care of her.

At first her neighbors were suspicious of her. White women didn't come to Harlem for any good. White women didn't live in unfurnished rooms in a Negro neighborhood, and go around begging for Negroes.

They were sure Catherine de Hueck was either crazy, or very smart. What was her racket? What was she getting out of it? Perhaps she was giving rein to a whim that would pass. Just Harlem-happy, maybe, like some men get slap-happy; but she'd get over it. But wasn't it funny, Catherine referring to herself as "God's gold-digger"?

The neighbors gave in first. They began coming to her little flat with chairs, tables, plates and cups and saucers, knives and forks and spoons bought at the ten-cent store, bedding they didn't need any more, food cooked over their own stoves.

"Now don't yo' go giving this away, baroness," a woman would say, presenting her with a towel. The towel was frayed a little at the edges, and the nap had disappeared here and there; but it was serviceable. "This is fo' yo' own personal use and nobody's else. And I mean it."

There were still many who laughed at her as she walked through Harlem. There were some who jeered, and some who called her names.

Once a boy tripped her so that she fell and lay stunned a moment. She was taking a mattress and some sheets and pillowcases to a family down the street. She had them, tied in a compact and heavy bundle, strapped to her back. It was difficult for her to rise, because of the bundle. The boy who had

tripped her laughed at her hurt, and her funny efforts to get up.

Some women would have wept at this, and given up the struggle to bring Christ into Harlem. Some would have admitted dismal failure, and called themselves names for having even thought they could help the Negroes in this way. Some would have got up and chased that boy until he keeled over from fright and loss of breath, and then they would have whaled him.

Catherine looked at the boy, nothing but sympathy and understanding in her eyes, nothing but a deep pity in her voice, nothing but the love of Christ in her soul.

"You poor child," she said. "Someone must have hurt you deeply to make you do such a thing to a woman. I'm so sorry."

That's Catherine de Hueck.

Today she has the Martin de Porres Lending Library at 34 W. 135th St. And across the way are four other converted stores, which with the library constitute Friendship House. She has her office (a flat-topped desk) in the library. People come in for books all day long, and until late at night. And troubled people ask help or advice.

The places across the street are given over to the activities of the Catholic Youth Organization of St. Mark's parish and the "clothing room" where the needy are given hats, coats, suits, dresses, underwear, shoes, and whatever else may be on hand.

Hundreds of people in New York send clothes to the baroness, yet she's always in need of more. Hundreds of people send her money, yet she's forever in need of more and more.

Here's a colored girl who needs an operation.

"The doctor says it'll take only $40," she moans. "He swears he'll cure me. He says if I don't have the operation I'll die. And I ain't got $40. Nobody's got $40. What am I going to do, baroness? Do I have to die?"

"I haven't got $40 either," the baroness says, "but you're not going to die. The Holy Ghost. . . ."

The baroness hurries across the street, mindless of the clanging streetcars and honking automobiles. There's a man visiting the clothing room, a man who may have money.

"Do you want to do a favor for Christ?" the baroness asks him.

"Why, of course."

"Then give me $40. I must have it right away, for an operation. Oh, not for me. For a friend, a poor woman who'll probably never be able to pay it back, except in prayer."

She takes the money and starts to run across the street, but turns at the door to sing, "I'll pray for you, too. The Holy Ghost sent you here. I'll pray to Him for you."

At first the baroness was all alone. Now she has a number of staff workers and more than 100 volunteers who help her whenever they can.

It is the staff workers who make the conastery. They are men and women in their early 20's, brilliant youngsters with college degrees, idealists, boys and girls who might have made big names for themselves, kids who gave up everything to help the baroness in her Father's work.

They serve without pay. They wear the cast-off clothing that comes to the clothing room. They take what they need, after the poor have had their pick.

They eat in the Madonna Flat, at 41 W. 135th St., where the girls live. They sit on wooden benches on either side of a long unpainted wooden table, and eat whatever is put before them, whatever the Holy Ghost has sent. Usually it's soup and unbuttered bread and tea. Sometimes there's dessert with the tea. If there isn't, somebody's sure to say, "Guess the Holy Ghost wants us to go without today." And everybody smiles, and everybody's happy, because they're able to offer a little sacrifice at this meal.

The girls are as beautiful as you'll find in all New York; and the boys are more handsome and sturdy than you'd expect. They kid each other as they eat, and they kid the baroness who sits at the head of the table. They love each other as sisters and brothers.

"It's strange how they get along," the baroness says. "And it's beautiful, too. Frequently when a new boy or a new girl comes here there'll be the beginnings of a great romance. They're human, you know. They fall in love. Desperately, too. But the work is so much bigger than any human love affair. Before they know what's happened, this boy and that girl are treating each other not as Romeo and Juliet, but as dearly beloved members of the same family, as brothers and sisters in Christ."

There are no vows in this conastery of mine. No vows, such as monks and nuns profess. Yet poverty, chastity, and obedience are practiced here, as they are in the convent and the monastery.

It isn't a monastery, nor is it a convent. But it's something between the two, and something of both of them. That's why I call it a conastery. My conastery.

It isn't mine really. I'm not a worker there. But I can't stay away from the place. Would you like to know why? Here are a few of many reasons:

There's the baroness, who dominates and inspirits it as an abbess would, a woman of gusto, rich wit, golden laughter, shining holiness.

There are the girls. I went to a poor Negro home with one of them the first day I encountered Friendship House. We climbed four dark and smelly flights of stairs, carrying bundles and bags of food.

There were seven people in that cold bleak flat, five little children and their father and mother. We took the food into the kitchen and, while the mother

tried to keep the children from eating it all at once, the girl and I went into the other room to talk to the head of the house.

He had got up from a sickbed. He was dressed in trousers and undershirt. His feet were bare, for he had no decent shoes or socks. He sat, slumped in a chair, telling us of his miseries.

And that blessed girl—who might have been the darling of her home town's social aristocracy—sat listening with a look in her lovely eyes that thrills me every time I remember it.

That girl looked at the poor, sick, ragged Negro as though he were Christ Himself. You could see it in the unearthly shining of her eyes. She saw Christ in that pitiful weak face; and she loved Him with so great a love that I was stupefied.

Presently the children came slinking into the room, beautiful, shy, grimacing, black little angels. She turned the same look on them, grabbed the nearest, dirty and ragged and rumpled though he was, and held him in her arms as though he were her own.

As a result of that girl's visit, of her exceeding love, seven souls came into the shelter of the Church, seven souls that otherwise might have been lost.

And then there are the boys, in my conastery.

Let me tell you about only two of them. They were in the library when I entered one idle afternoon. They were talking earnestly and learnedly about, of all things, the mystical Body of Christ.

Kids of that age do not generally sit talking about Christ. You're more apt to find them on the streets, whistling at the girls, or telling dirty stories. You'll see them in the poolrooms, in the back rooms of saloons. Or you'll find them enjoying themselves at the ball park or the corner movie.

Those kids! Those boys and girls of my conastery! They're so filled with the love of God, which they caught from the overflow out of the mouth of the baroness, that they're filling all Harlem with it.

Kids. Lay people. In no sense monks or nuns. Kids who puff cigarettes with gusto—when somebody gives them a pack. Girls not above using lipstick and nail polish and a nifty way of doing up their hair. The swellest kids on earth. Doing the work Martin de Porres did when he was a Dominican tertiary, feeding and clothing the poor, comforting the sick and the dying and those in prison, burying the dead, and preaching Christ in their own sweet way. Doing work no Religious could do, reaching people they could not reach.

The baroness, the girls, and the boys. And then there are 300 or more voluntary part-time workers, white and colored men and women who give what money they can to the work, who teach classes, who do anything they can.

God bless you, my conastery.*

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Dec. '40, p. 38.

The Bird That Hovered Over Calvary

By CARYL ROBERTS

Condensed from *Carmel**

At the core of every legend, like a jewel hidden in a magic casket, is a grain of truth. Every April, in drafts lasting about three weeks, according to weather conditions, millions of swallows, obeying that mysterious "pull" which secular science is at a loss to explain, converge on the Mediterranean from the East, crossing Palestine in their northern drifting. Although it is impossible to verify the beautiful tradition, it is reasonable to assume that the ancestors of at least some of these migrants witnessed the sacrifice for mankind made on the first Good Friday in the Holy Land.

The arrival of this beautiful bird during Eastertide is peculiarly appropriate, since it owes its original name to our religious regard for it. That dark day on Golgotha, it is said, it hovered over our Saviour's cross, uttering its plaintive cry, *svala, svala!* which means, "console, console!"

It is fitting that the bird should be called *svala* for other reasons, too. Distributing their gay battalions impartially over city streets and countrysides, their activities have been linked with man's since the dawn of history. The first heralds of summer and the rear-guard of its retreat, these aristocrats of the air, with summer and winter residences, love the habitations of men. Driven by approaching winter, they depart reluctantly to their southern home —to return screaming, straight as an arrow, to the very eaved roof or farmyard barn from which they emerged as happy, expectant fledglings the previous season.

A streamlined ace, the swallow has been endowed by nature with a perfect flying body opposing the minimum of resistance to air currents, whilst the wings, delicately shaped, long and narrow, ensure maximum speed. Crossing the Sahara at midnight at a pace that makes an express train seem slow, these migrants can be seen the following afternoon in St. Stephen's Green or along the banks of the Liffey, nonchalantly hawking insects! Slipping under the guard of the searing *levanter*, it will beat its scheduled time should a fine spell tempt an early start, and mid-April at the latest will see the dark-blue glossy back and bright chestnut throat sweep over the Saltees on the last stretch home to native hunting ground in Éire.

"Instinct," say the wiseacres, "pure instinct: hunger, and the quest for food." Convenient word, *instinct*. Just another term for the invisible Power that sustains and guides a handful of

*St. Teresa's, Clarendon St., Dublin, Ireland. April, 1938.

flesh, nerves and feathers on its long, trackless flight to a home it left in infancy.

After the hatching season, when the swallow takes a holiday, one is dazzled by the swift beauty of its wingcraft. To watch it cleave the blue in a tracery of sweeping curves that bewilders the eye by the intricacy of its interwoven design, is to contact the spirit of untrammeled freedom. See it skim the river surface; then halt suddenly, legs dropping, wing atumble, to snatch a floating titbit! There you witness a feat more astounding than human skill can hope to equal. And it makes no secret of it, either, rising into the vertical with shrill twittering to advertise the performance!

Naturalists are agreed that the swallow is dying out of Western Europe. During the spring migration millions are netted and electrocuted on the shores of the Mediterranean where they congregate for rest and food before resuming the flight north. If no international action is taken to prevent the present drainage, the swallow will, it is said, be as rare in our country in a decade or two as the golden oriole, and, in a century or so, will be as extinct as the great auk.

A King Indeed

One evening a French soldier looked about the wilderness, which had recently been the village street of Furnes, and saw no one but a Belgian officer in the shadows. Then he noticed a small group of children, mothered by a girl, herself only a child, creeping from a cellar school. A stray belated bomb burst near by and the little ones clung together in terror. The little mother led them to a roadside shrine which had escaped the ravages, and with closed eyes and folded hands they began to repeat the Lord's Prayer.

When they came to "forgive us our trespasses as we . . ." they paused. The older girl looked at the children reproachfully, but still they remained silent. "I know, I know," the little mother said, "but we must say the prayer." "Forgive those . . . ." She stopped and then a voice took up the prayer—"as we forgive those who trespass against us."

The children turned to see who spoke the words they could not speak. The French soldier standing near by also turned—and looked into the face of King Albert as he stood there and finished the prayer.

Eugene Crandall in the New York *Sun* (28 Feb. '35) quoted in the *Sign*.

Distinguished Service

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

American ode to duty

Condensed (by special permission) from the *Ladies' Home Journal**

The last time that I saw my uncle I stood with him on Governors Island during a military ceremony and pinned a distinguished service medal on his coat. He managed to give me a wink to indicate that the business mustn't be taken too seriously. Then he tried to look noble and utterly failed. He had said beforehand that he would look "as noble as the occasion demanded," and where he got the Song-of-the-Lark look that he put on I don't know. But it was the only time I ever saw him look stilted and unnatural. The fact was that he always did look noble, every day of his life, and changing his expression to something out of the ordinary was a great mistake.

Everyone who knew him always speaks of how handsome he was. But if you run through a description of his unusual height, the curly, prematurely gray hair that matched his steel-blue eyes so well, his ruddy, healthy complexion, you still haven't explained what people mean when they say, "I'll never forget Dr. Joseph Culkin's face."

There were humor and faith and courage in it, and a call to you to measure up. If you were out of luck or down in the mouth about something, you would catch that glance which said, "This is only life and you're a human being. You're a good deal stronger than you think you are."

Heaven only knows what that reassurance must have done to his patients. I know what it did to his friends and the members of his family. I still draw upon it, and he has been dead for many years.

I was substituting that day at Governors Island. His wife should have had the honor of pinning on his medal; and he, of course, would have designated her to do it. But she was ill and he knew then that soon she was going to die. She was his whole immediate family, for each of their three children had died almost at birth. So my uncle and aunt had created a kind of mock family in which they were childish and dependent on each other, and sometimes people laughed at their open displays of affection, and their pet names.

She was very beautiful when they were married. They shared a really great passion and a deep religious faith. Those things never failed them, in spite of the fact that they must have soon discovered that they would never share their human ambitions. For my aunt liked the social pattern. She liked her days "at home," the steps of society, luxuries, hierarchies. And that sort of thing wasn't what my uncle lived for.

*March, 1941. Copyright 1941 by Curtis Publishing Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia.

But the remarkable thing was that it did not result in bitterness or in division between them. He didn't laugh at what she wanted, or cry down her taste for the delicate or artificial side of life. He fitted into the environment she set up just as far as he could, without being false to his profession or manhood. He never fell out of love with her. They always seemed to be trying to compensate to each other for those dreadful, futile childbirths which resulted in temporary blindness for my aunt and which they would not prevent, partly because they so much wanted children and partly because they thought that having children was the obligation of married people to God.

When I see married people quarreling and straining to attain their own ends, I often think of how far Uncle Joe gave in and exactly where he stopped, and of how beautiful the balance of duty was in his life.

Though he was a strict Catholic, there were no small, frightened pieties in him. He believed in moral strength just as he did in good health, but if you didn't have either it might not be your own fault. He regarded self-pity as a disease.

To go with him on a round of calls was my first experience in studying human character with a great tutor.

We would go scudding along icy streets, the big handsome man at the wheel, his cheeks red with cold, and we would stop before some small house. Nearly all his calls were in unpretentious districts, to my aunt's regret.

We usually stopped before some high flight of steps or small frame cottage and I would guess at what was going on inside. He would reappear, perhaps saying absently and tenderly, "That will be over soon now." Or he would laugh and say, "There are two old people in there keeping alive out of sheer meanness, because neither of them wants to be first in the grave."

I remember clearly, too, the gaiety and life which he brought into religious places. The cloistered nuns of one convent were his devoted patients, and he'd go into that place like a strong breeze and say to the Mother Superior, "How are all those handsome girls of yours today, Mother?"

There wasn't a trace of disrespect, but he treated nuns and priests like other human beings.

"Oh, they like to be noticed," he'd explain, when my aunt would be shocked, "just like you, pet."

He taught me all I know about not judging people for my own satisfaction. He tried to teach me to take life as it was and to spare it useless reproaches. He taught me once and for all that life is difficult, but not to be dodged on that account.

When the U. S. entered the war, my uncle considered it his duty to go. My aunt saw no reason why he should. He was over military age. He had plenty of useful work to do at home. She was

not well. They could use more money, and they were scaled to some luxury that would have to be given up if his income was only army pay. All that was true, but it made no difference to my uncle. He had, and he knew it, what the government needed and wanted.

Her protests about his enlistment were overridden, but when it was accomplished and he was in the army, he took a little cottage at Patchogue, near Camp Upton, and spent as much time with her as he could, petting her, calling her fond names in the time he could spare from preventing death and putting iron into the bodies and souls of the recruits. Any potential bitterness vanished.

She told me afterward that it was one of the happiest years they had ever had together.

The specific citation of the award was for prevention of death during the influenza epidemic. There were fewer deaths at Camp Upton from influenza than in any comparable military camp, and they gave the credit to my uncle, who worked night and day, doing the work of a nurse as well as that of a doctor and spurring on his staff to do likewise. It was the morale and lack of swank, and mutual cooperation among the doctors that kept the death rate down. I have a picture of my uncle as he was at that time—in rather crumpled khaki with an influenza mask swinging at his chin and his eyes looking out with just that expression which must have faced hundreds of terrified boys, saying, "This is only life and you're a human being. You're stronger than you think."

His wife died shortly after he got out of the army, and he missed her and missed his devotion to her terribly. A year later he died too, of an attack of angina pectoris. It was the third attack and he had known that he was going to die. But no one of his relatives knew it, so he died alone in what must have been great pain. I suppose it might have seemed to him like self-pity if he had mentioned it to anyone.

You cannot elevate people by going down to their level. If they succeed in getting you there, there they will keep you, for it is easier to get you to stay down than for them to move up.

From *How to Read a Book* by Mortimer J. Adler (Simon & Schuster: 1940).

You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair.—Chinese proverb.

The Story of the Marseillaise

A genius never steals

By CATHAL O'BYRNE

Condensed from the *Irish Rosary**

King Louis Philippe detested the French national anthem, *La Marseillaise,* and did not go to any trouble to hide his dislike, although it was to its strains he had been conducted to the Hôtel de Ville on that memorable day when Lafayette pointed to him as "the best of all republics." Alexandre Dumas refused to write a new national anthem and the king failed utterly in his attempt to introduce one. The mob objected to the singing of *La Parisienne,* composed by Casimir Delevigne, and had, moreover, insisted on the king joining in the chorus of the *Marseillaise* on all public occasions.

During the lifetime of Rouget de Lisle most people were aware that he was not the author of all the verses of the famous song. Some credited André Chenier, the well-known French writer, with the authorship of the last verse, others ascribed it to Louis François Dubois, the poet. All this guesswork was, however, to be set aside when, during the Reign of Terror, a priest who had refused to take the oath to the Republic, and who had been caught solemnizing a religious marriage, was brought before the revolutionary tribunal for judgment.

At a table covered with a black cloth, in a long, crowded room of the Hôtel de Ville, were seated seven of the self-constituted judges. As the priest was brought in, a dead silence prevailed.

"Who art thou?" asked the president of the court.

"I am the Abbé Pessoneaux, a former teacher of the college at Vienne, and," he added softly, "the author of the last verse of the *Marseillaise.*"

In the silence that followed, the people could be heard breathing. Soldiers and jailers stood as if turned into stone. The president did not say a word. The priest's reply had apparently stunned him also. He turned to his fellow judges and every eye watched the movement of their hands. Slowly and deliberately they stretched them forth in the sign of acquittal, and then a deafening cheer rang out through the room.

Claude Joseph Rouget, afterwards self-styled De Lisle, the young military engineer who revolutionized France with a song, was born at Lons-le-Saunier on May 10, 1760. Composer, novelist, poet, song writer, with the solitary exception of his deathless song, his works are as entirely forgotten as if they had never been written. Coming of a musical family, the boy at an early age took violin lessons from a local master; his musical education,

*St. Saviour's Priory, Dominick St., Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. January, 1941.

however, never passed the elementary stage.

After reaching maturity, Rouget de Lisle soon won a certain fame as novelist, poet and musical composer. Once, in 1792, in Strasburg, which was then in a state of feverish excitement over the king's oath to maintain the constitution and the declaration of war, Baron Friederich Dietrich, the first mayor of the city, gave a dinner to which Rouget de Lisle was asked. Both the mayor and Madame Dietrich were accomplished musicians. Among the guests were several generals in command, other officers and leading citizens. The talk was all of war, until Madame Dietrich interposed. Then patriotic songs were mentioned. Could not someone compose a hymn for the Army of the Rhine? The mayor's first idea was a publicly advertised competition, not only for a war song, but for one that would become a national hymn. Then another thought struck him, and to the young engineer he said, "Monsieur de Lisle, you woo the Muses. Why should not you try to give us what we want? Compose a noble song for the French people, now a people of soldiers, and you will have deserved well of your country."

The modest young engineer tried to excuse himself, but no one would listen, and when he at length reached his lodgings, sleep was out of the question. Taking down his violin, he struck a few chords. Soon, as the story goes, a melody seemed to grow under his fingers, harmonizing with the words that had been on the lips of all throughout the evening. *"Aux armes, aux armes, citoyens; marchons; formez vos bataillons."* To the air, as it came to him, he dashed down words, and having copied both into his manuscript, tired out but happy, he threw himself on his bed and slept.

Baron Dietrich arranged another dinner at which the same guests were present. The effect of the song was overwhelming. Electrified, the audience sat until the last note rang out. The song had acted like a talisman, and the enthusiasm of the dinner party in that hour was soon to be shared by all France. For a time the fame of the song *Le chant de guerre de l'armée du Rhin* remained local, and it was not until the following August (the mayor's dinner party had been in April), when the volunteers from Marseilles reached Paris, that the great war song, heard publicly for the first time, became known forever afterwards as *La Marseillaise*.

Such are the romantic aspects of the story of Rouget de Lisle and his deathless song. But the story is not all true. Rouget de Lisle did not write a note of the melody of the Marseillaise.

The music to which Rouget de Lisle was to wed some of his verses was composed by Alexandre Boucher, the celebrated violinist, in 1790, in the drawing room of Madame de Mor-

taigne. A colonel, one of the guests of the evening, who was leaving with his regiment next morning, pressed the musician to write a march for him then and there, and this Boucher did.

Later, when the king and his family were prisoners, and the legislative assembly dissolved, the newly-formed convention decided that all officers should take an oath to the constitution. This Rouget de Lisle refused to do, and was promptly imprisoned at Marseilles, where from his cell window he heard a march being played incessantly on all sorts of instruments, to which, at the instance of his jailer, he adapted the words of a patriotic hymn he was writing.

Alexandre Boucher's story of the song was taken down by a French journalist and published in the composer's own words.

"A good many years after first hearing the song," Boucher said, "I was seated next to Rouget de Lisle at a dinner party in Paris. We had never met before and, as you may easily imagine, I was rather interested in the gentleman whom, with many others at the same board, I complimented on his production, only I confined myself to complimenting him on his poem.

" 'You don't say a word about the music,' he replied, 'and yet, being a musician, that ought to interest you. Do not you like it?'

" 'Very much, indeed,' I said, in a somewhat significant tone.

" 'Well, let me be frank with you,' said De Lisle. 'The music is not mine. It was that of a march which came, heaven knows whence, and which they kept playing at Marseilles during the Terror, when I was a prisoner at the fortress of St. Jean. I made a few alterations necessitated by the words, and there it is.'

"Whereupon, to his great surprise, I hummed the march as I had originally written it.

" 'Wonderful!' he exclaimed, 'how did you come by it?'

"When I told him, he threw his arms round my neck. But the next moment he said, 'I am very sorry, my dear Boucher, but I am afraid that you will be despoiled forever, for your music and my words go so well together that they seem to have sprung simultaneously from the same brain, and the world, even if I proclaimed my indebtedness to you, would never believe it.'

" 'Keep the loan,' I said, moved in spite of myself by his candor. 'Without your genius my march would have been forgotten by now. You have given it a patent of nobility. It is yours forever.' "

In the year 1817, at the age of 57, Rouget de Lisle settled in Paris, where for a time he earned a scanty livelihood by teaching and copying music. Despite his many foibles, his warm heart and scintillating nature made him many friends. Nevertheless, at one time he became so poor that he was taken from his garret and sent to

prison for debt. The Revolution of 1830, however, brought him belated honors and independence.

The composer of the immortal *Marseillaise* (for, despite the true story, such he will ever remain) died on June 27, 1836, but not before the greatest honor that can come to any Frenchman was conferred on him. On his breast, among his many other decorations, the cross of the Legion of Honor held first place.

Ψ

Divorce Mill Belfry

After 15 years of happy married life, a wife in Bridgeport, Conn., sued on the grounds that her husband held a piece of Limburger cheese under her nose.

She put up with everything, a good Kansas wife told the judge, until her husband made her stuff skunks. She got her divorce.

In California, a wife got her divorce by testifying that her husband put snakes in her bed every time he got drunk, which was 345 days in the year.

After 14 years of married life, a New Jersey husband went to court and charged that he was not allowed to eat until his wife's 60 cats had been fed.

A man in Chicago filed suit because his wife insisted on sliding down the banisters.

The chief grievance in one separation suit was a charge that the husband hadn't taken a bath in 15 years.

Married to a man who liked queer pets, a wife in Trenton, N. J., told the judge she found rattlesnakes in the bathtub.

In Michigan, a wife obtained a divorce on testimony that her husband gave each of her five stepchildren saxophones.

In Baltimore, an aggrieved wife sued on the grounds that she hurt her hand one night when she reached into her husband's pants pocket to get some money and got it caught in a small steel trap.

In Florida a husband complained that his estranged wife sent him dead fish through the mail.

Compiled from *Legal Chatter* by I. M. Leavitt.

Failures of Christianity

Are Americans guiltless

By MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Condensed from the *Dublin Review**

It is a commonplace of Christian writing that all would be well with the world if it would in the future turn to Christian inspiration and be guided by the moral teaching of the Church. But if it is true that the world can in the future be saved by Christian ideals, it must also be true that at many times in the past the world could have been saved by those same ideals. For Christianity has, at certain periods of the history of Western civilization, been in a dominant position. Furthermore, we must admit that if one were to add together the number of effective influences that shaped the story of the West up to the end of the 18th century, the influences that could be called Christian would vastly preponderate.

Why, then, has the world, seemingly, gone from bad to worse? Why has Christianity, which has had, to all appearances, its chance and more than its chance, failed to accomplish in the past those things we expect it suddenly to accomplish in the future?

One answer is that you must not expect too much from Christianity. Christianity, being a religion, is a thing of the spirit. It is constantly doing its work of conversion in the souls of men, but it cannot be expected to alter and shape the outward appearance of a world that is hostile to it; a world, moreover, which in its own secular sphere does not properly come within the jurisdiction of a spiritual power.

Christianity as such knows nothing of politics, economics, science and the like. But if that is the true answer, and there is undoubtedly some truth in it, then we are merely deceiving ourselves and others when we suggest that the world will be set straight in the future by turning to Christian inspiration. Christian inspiration, according to this view, will appeal to those spiritually prepared to receive it, but we cannot expect that it will radically alter the shape of secular things to come.

Another answer, and one also containing some truth, is that Christianity in the past has been more of an appearance than a reality. In other words, despite its authority, its prestige, its numbers, it has not really converted men. Nine-tenths of men's lives, let us say, have been led without reference to Christian teaching, so that, even though the whole world were outwardly converted, the direction of men's social lives would still be nine-tenths non-Christian. When, therefore, we talk of Christian inspiration in the future we must mean a real 100% conversion to Christianity and some-

**129 Victoria St., London, S. W. 1, England. January, 1941.*

thing very different from what we called Christianity in the past.

A third answer is perhaps more subtle and difficult to follow, but again it represents part of the truth. Even supposing that in the past the vast majority of Christians were truly good Christians, the ideals of Christianity and the ideals of the world are different. The saint (or, at any rate, the good man), one often hears, is an awkward customer. He doesn't fit in. He is all angles. He thinks only of soul-saving. He is highly unpractical, unworldly-wise. He is certainly not the person to govern men and give them good practical advice. His job is to explode people into the realization of the supernatural order, to stir them up, to be a revolutionary. And if this is so in the case of the saint it is equally the case with all Christians in the degree of their Christianity. In a sense they all lead double lives, the spirit struggling against the flesh, rising to spiritual inspiration at one moment and falling back to the fleshpots the next. So, if one is looking for the wise counselor, the prudent citizen, the man of gentle, if not genial, benevolence, the good neighbor, one is more likely to find him among the religiously lukewarm who instinctively seek their good here on earth and order their lives in terms of a small but practical ideal. If we are looking for a worldly order, we shall seek it at the hands of the rationalist, the philosopher, the bourgeois, the gentleman, the Anglo-Saxon, not at the hands of the saint and the religious.

One could, of course, suggest other reasons why Christianity has failed to carry through the re-ordering of the world. And yet one feels deep down that there should be a clearer and more pervasive, as it were, clue to the apparent ineffectiveness of Christianity as a principle of world order. After all, though it is true that the Church was not commissioned to concern herself directly with the things of Caesar, she has in fact jealously retained her claim to a universal spiritual and moral authority that must powerfully, if only indirectly, affect the temporal order of the world. And the disorder of the world is not, for the most part, an economic or political disorder; it is precisely a moral disorder.

Looking at the matter in a broad way, can we really say that the average Christian has, like all men, been weak? There have been Christians of real sanctity and holiness in every age, both among clergy and laity. Even the mass of Catholics have put their religion first in what they considered the most important aspects of their lives: in their family relations, in their personal behavior, and whenever their faith has been challenged. Certainly no false religion, nor any political or social faith, can boast of a comparable record of fidelity.

Where, then, shall we find the clue

to the puzzle? How shall we account for the comparative failure of Christianity as an ordering force in the world in the past, and how shall we set about remedying the defect?

In the broadest sense, we should say that it is defective instruction in the full meaning of Catholicity. Holiness there is; fidelity there is; full wisdom in the Church herself, of course, there is. But is there sufficient education? Are Catholics today and have Catholics in the past been adequately trained, not so much to be good Catholics according to their lights, but to see the full light? Do they know clearly enough what their religion implies?

Have Catholics throughout the world, we may ask, any adequate appreciation of where they stand as Catholics, or should stand, in regard to the state? The most superficial glance around the world proves that either they have not or, if they have, they have been rendered impotent to live up to Christian teaching because of the betrayals of Catholic doctrine made by Catholics in the past, betrayals that have made the contemporary Catholic the slave of the state. The population of Europe, exclusive of Russia, is a little over 400 million, and the Catholic population is estimated as over 200 million. In other words, one European in two is a Catholic. Yet throughout Europe what amounts in practice to absolute obedience to the secularist state is the universal rule. Throughout, the will of the state is accepted as supreme. The most this immense Catholic force is able to do is to preserve here and there the essential minimum of religious liberty.

However, there is such a thing as the genuine virtue of patriotism. Catholics are exhorted to serve their countries loyally, unless they are given a very specific direction not to do so. And such direction rarely, if ever, comes. It is only in a strictly limited sphere that ecclesiastical authorities protest against the action of the state, namely, where the freedom to worship or to give religious education is attacked.

All this is true, but it is of the first importance to understand the reason for it. The reason is a very simple one. It is that at any given time the Church, faced by a choice of evils, chooses the lesser evil. Obviously the greatest evil of all from the Church's point of view is the denial to her children of the normal means of sacramental life. One might almost say that the Church will do anything to ensure that Catholics may be in a position to receive the last sacraments when they are dying. Hence her practical policy at any given time in dealing with the state is to safeguard freedom of Catholic worship and preserve the faith in the Catholic family. But when she is reduced to defending this citadel it means that the enemy has in fact conquered an immense territory that, properly speaking, belongs to the Church.

What surely has happened to Catholics all over the world is that they have come to accept as right and normal a state of affairs that is only to be tolerated for the sake of preserving the citadel of religion. We boast of being the most loyal members of our country, entirely forgetful of the plain fact that our community stands for a secularist outlook, sharply conflicting with the values of Christianity, and claims a degree of moral authority that the Christian Church can only accept because it is expedient.

In the prolonged struggle between Church and state we find evidence of genuine theological confusion between the respective claims of Church and state in a rapidly changing situation. And where the millions of ordinary uninstructed Catholics were content to follow what seemed to be the nearest protective force, whether of Church or state, an increasingly false position became established. Are we not surprised to discover that in the England of Henry VIII's day only More and Fisher stood out as able to think quite clearly about the real issue at stake? And after the Reformation, despite the increasing holiness of the Church and her great array of Counter-Reformation saints, we find even in great Catholic countries like France and Spain, a virtual claim on the part of Catholic rulers to be the pope of their domains. With such gross betrayal the Church is perforce reduced to a religious establishment painfully bargaining with the almighty states, that loyal Catholic citizens may be spared from the fullest effects of Caesar's absolute power and allowed to practice their religion freely and teach it to their children.

Today the catastrophic results of this betrayal of Christian unity and the universal moral law of God are appearing all around us. Twice in a quarter of a century the once-Christian nations, the nations wherein vast portions of the population are still Catholic, struggle together in deadly war. Every single invention, every item of progress made, every resource of the brave new world, is requisitioned. We have to admit that the present situation could never have arisen had not all great Western nations sought their salvation for generations in earthly power, pride, national glory and human wealth, throwing to one side, as of no concern, the moral authority and teaching of Christianity in temporal matters. We can go further and say that all this could never have taken place had the Catholics of Europe understood the true meaning of what was happening, and stood firm against the usurpation of moral authority by the state instead of acquiescing in it and actually supporting it.

Humor is not an obstacle to sanctity. If you can find nothing else to smile at, there is always yourself.

Bishop Kelley quoted in the *Catholic Herald Citizen* (11 Jan. '41).

Why I Am Not a Critic

You can't leave spring out

By TED LEBERTHON

Condensed from the *News**

Many individuals would like to write, and they and many others stand in awe of writers. Rarely a week passes that I do not receive poems, short stories, essays, plays, novels and even autobiographies, accompanied by requests for criticism. A few have asked me to tell them coldly and pitilessly whether they have any appreciable talent, as if I were a court of final critical judgment.

I usually glance at the first paragraph of a prose work, the first stanza of a poem, the first scene of a play, and then mail it back, without criticism. For one thing, I haven't time to write criticisms. But most important, I would not regard my criticism as meaning very much. I may think the work is bad. But a hundred editors might think otherwise. And would it be fair of me to discourage some young writer? Am I even a competent critic? For instance, in my estimation, virtually the entire output of modern writers is utter hogwash. I hold that thinking today is at the lowest level it has been since the pre-Christian era, and that instead of having progressed intellectually the world has appallingly retrogressed. I can't read more than a few pages of most modern published work without groaning and giving up.

Therefore, to all those persons who have received manuscripts back from me without comment, I want to say that many undoubtedly already write as well as some of our most successful writers. They may become equally successful in time, even to rolling in wealth. But, you see, I hate to be guilty of encouraging the multiplication of successful writers, because I think the world is sorely in need of many more unsuccessful writers.

I wouldn't care to know a successful writer. For one thing, I don't know what we would talk about. Most of the things he would consider important I would consider unimportant and vice versa. I would regard him as a dull fellow and he would regard me as a dull fellow, and it would all be very unhappy. Of course, if we got drunk, he probably would unbend and let his hair down and weep and confess that what he wrote was a lot of bilge, but that it's the price one has to pay for having an estate in Bel-Air and a farm in Connecticut at one and the same time.

Those confessions, and I've heard many in my day, always embarrass me. For one thing, they are never accompanied with repentance. If you suggest that they sell all they have, give to the poor, and start being honest, they sud-

**Los Angeles, Calif. Feb. 8, 1941.*

denly sober up on you. They detest you from that moment for having caught them with their make-up off, and they remind you that you have the psychology of the unsuccessful, and ask you if, after all, you have ever been to Monte Carlo, Capri or Naples. Eventually you leave, and shake hands, and you both say you had a wonderful evening, and you're both liars. Because each of you is resolving that you'll never waste another evening like that.

Frankly, what I don't like about virtually all successful writers is that they're so behind the times. They write as if they were living in pre-Christian times. They either write beautifully about nothing in particular, or they write beautifully about the most complex agonies of human beings without offering the slightest possible solution. In short, they write as if Christ had never lived. Being more than 2000 years behind the times, they are unaware of the new beauty, the new meaning that came into life, the individual soul, and all human history through the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Some of these writers plunge their characters into the most devious and unnecessary tortures, and leave them writhing in despair or wearily baffled or cutting out paper dolls as the last chapter ends.

Then there are the Marxist writers who through 300 pages or more snarl at the capitalist system and hold that everything is economically determined, from tornadoes to puppy love. The one thing they have in common with the futility boys is that they are pretty joyless.

Finally, there are the popular magazine writers who deliver literary narcotics to tired businessmen and their wives. They write success stories, stories of worldly success and safe, well-fed morality.

All these various classes of writers unanimously believe in "progress" despite world wars and bombs. Most are vain and conceited fellows, holding they are far superior to persons of other times, because they live in a superior age of modern plumbing, long range weapons, the credit system and chain stores.

They write as if a man's greatest enemies were outside himself, not inside, as if they had never heard the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," and the glad news that those who became poor for Christ would truly see all the beauty and meaning of the suffering of this life in the light of life eternal.

There are still a few like Mauriac, Bernanos, Sigrid Undset, Bruce Marshall, Karl Adam, Christopher Dawson, Gertrude von le Fort and Pat Kirby, who write as if Christ had lived, and lives forever as the key to meaning. I wish more young writers would try to write that way.

♣

Not too sudden Irish

Mount Melleray

By WINIFRED M. LETTS

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

"Go to Mount Melleray," she said. "You'll neither forget it nor regret it." This may have been the time when the *Garden of Allah* had turned our thoughts wistfully towards monasteries; I can only remember that the word *Trappist* filled me with a sense of wonder. As we climbed the long hills, pushing our bicycles, my cousin and I, we pictured silent figures flitting about among cloisters and transepts or digging their own graves in the twilight. The first World War was yet undreamed; we were young, the month was June. We had very little money but strong muscles and joyful hearts. Our few garments were packed in American cloth bags strapped to our bicycles.

Indeed, so shabby were we that when I asked a kindly constable to recommend a respectable hotel in New Ross he sent us to a place where the charges were small and the fleas many. "We had the Fair people here last night," said our hostess. "Maybe you won't mind that?" We said, "Oh, no!" quite blithely, not grasping what the Fair produces. But we spent the night in mackintoshes sitting on a horsehair sofa.

To Agnes, my cousin, I said firmly, "Only the *best* hotels will do for me."

"But you haven't the money," she replied with her own notable good sense.

We were climbing the hill from Cappoquin up, up, up into the Knockmealdown Mountains where Mount Melleray lies in the heathery world of larks and grouse. When we stopped to rest, as one must do with a bicycle, we looked back on the valley of the Blackwater, intoned in every note of green. Great cumulus clouds lifted peaks and avalanches against the blue.

Suddenly, as it seemed, we were at the monastery gates and close to a house which we discovered was the women's hostel. We found out that we could lodge here for a shilling a night and take our meals at the monastery. There was no charge for our entertainment. We could, if we wished, make an offering.

It was about the time of the midday meal and our fellow guests were starting for the refectory. They looked at us kindly and offered their guidance. I remember best Mrs. O'Hare, whose sc was a novice, old Miss O'Dowd, who was his aunt, and Miss Mulherne, "a returned Yank," full of laughter and talk, but in need, so her elders seemed to think, of spiritual counsel.

We streeled along the avenue to the

*386 4th Ave., New York City. Feb. 14, 1941.

guesthouse and there we met Brother Pat. The name, Brother Pat, will always be loved and venerated. He has a shrine in my memory and I would decorate it with rosemary and heartsease for he is a man to have known.

I had expected to eat to the sound of some religious books as once I had supped porridge to saints' lives in my austere school days of Lent. But no. There was the liveliest talk. Miss Mulherne was quick with her sallies but always Brother Pat had the last gay words. Quick as tennis balls the jokes flew until the meal was over, and then he offered to show us such few parts of the monastery as feminine eyes might see.

Off we wandered to roam that lovely country. Mrs. O'Hare was by my side. We knew that her husband had a shop in Cork.

"Did I tell you, my son is a novice?" she asked, and went on, full of her thoughts: " 'Tis wonderful, surely, the grace of God. Every day I see Chris, I mean Bernard, he's that in religion, I do ask him what he had for his dinner. An' he wouldn't scarcely know. At home he'd be so fiddy-faddy, and great on toffee he always was, caramels —his cheek would be bulging any time you'd speak to him. Didn't I send him some for Easter an' he never got them. I suppose it wouldn't be right for a novice to suck caramels, an' he laughed when I told him what he'd missed. The grace of God is wonderful! An' he'll be up at three in the morning—a lad you'd never get down to his breakfast at eight."

I thought how Brother Pat had been up since two o'clock, sung the long office and been gay as a lark at noon.

At some time I learned all that I seem to recall of Brother Pat's story. He had been barman in a certain hostelry in Dublin near the Theatre Royal. He was, mind you, an unusual barman, for he studied logic and he had told us how he loved opera music. At 40 he had left behind the secular life and gone to Melleray, living with the same urge and gaiety in this other realm.

I have a rather vague memory of helping our companions over stone walls, of the flashing of white stockings and red flannel petticoats, things now extinct. Behind the lovely summer pattern of flowering elder, buttercups and wind-purpled grasses lay the folded blue curves of the mountains.

When we went to chapel for evening devotions Miss O'Dowd took me under her wing, literally, under her elbow. A dig in the ribs was followed by, "Looka! the little chap over there; he's a saint. 'Tis marvelous he is."

The boys of the boarding school had come to their places. Of the brethren we saw nothing from our benches behind the chancel screen. We heard only the rough, strong voices. At that time neither the church nor the music of Melleray was impressive. But I write of the past.

During our walks I seem to recall a voice telling us the story of this foundation. It comes to me now like a dream voice speaking over the years.

"When the monks were expelled from Melleray in France four of them came to Cork. There one turned back but the three made their way to this spot in the Knockmealdown Mountains, the property of the Keane family. It was towards evening and they were very weary. Their leader, Brother Vincent, had a shilling and sixpence in his pocket. A poor woman of the roads, a homeless creature, seeing the three men, begged of them. Brother Vincent turned to his companions. 'Would our Lord give her the money?' he asked. 'Yes,' they answered. 'Take it in God's name,' he said.

"So they were left with night coming and no food. But there were cottage women not far off and they brought potatoes and buttermilk to the monks. And their men came and put up a shed for the night. The priest of that parish brought 40 of his people to make a stronger shelter. And the head of the Keane family gave them what land they could till, though it was the heathery mountainside then."

At these words I looked where the monastic buildings lay below us, durable and spreading far. The cattle were walking to the byre to be milked by the newest electrical machinery. The pig yard was gay with pink bonhams chasing each other. Everywhere was the pattern of tillage, field by field, reclaimed from the rebel heather.

"It was a great place they had by 1846," the voice went on, "the richest of vestments and silver plate and a great organ, for people would give them offerings. And then the famine came. What could they do but sell all they had for the starving? There were days when they gave the last handful of flour from the bin and still it would be full when they'd come again. All they could give they gave and it's not forgotten to them. There's a blessing on the place. Such cattle, such tillage! It's the best farm anywhere. The Brothers must all do some farm work. You'll meet them in the morning coming back with their spades. And every Brother washes his own white habit; the abbot and all must stand at the wash tub."

It was one evening while we strolled in the glow of late sunshine that a jaunting car approached the monastery gates. The traveler swayed uneasily on his seat.

"Maybe it's a drunk," suggested Miss O'Dowd. "Did ye not know they've a great drink cure here? Indeed they have—not too sudden."

Then tall, pale Miss Redmond, the dressmaker, began to talk. She had seemed to live only in passionate prayer in the church; now she was moved to hasty speech in the Dublin accent.

"I knew a man," she said, "he's a rich man an' a Protestant, but he'd a

great wish for the Brothers. He agreed to take a cure for the drink because he's a terror for it. But the Brothers would notice the sniff of the whiskey off him when he came in. They wondered where he'd get it with the high walls and no pub in miles. He never let on till one day he came back just on a visit. Says he: 'I'll tell you I tricked you all, for I made a windlass on the wall and I got a man out of Cappoquin to put the bottle in for me when he'd be passing. I got my sup and there'd soon be an empty bottle. Well, it was the bottles I wanted to hide on you. An' what did I do but put them all inside the statue of St. Joseph there. He's got a hole in his back an' if you look inside you will find whiskey bottles.' "

Miss Mulherne shrieked with laughter. "Wasn't that great gas? Believe you me that lad was the right old fox."

The monastery was closed and abed by eight o'clock on those long June evenings, but we of the hostel could stand outside in the dusk that smelt of flowering grasses and elder blossom.

We had to leave the next day and I asked Mrs. O'Hare how much we should give for our excellent fare at the guesthouse.

"An offering, dear," she said, "whatever you like. You'll have to chase Brother Pat to give it to him. He'll not be looking for it. I'll tell you a true tale. There was an Australian, if I have it right, heard how they'd keep a man a fortnight and no word of pay. So he came an' he stayed and enjoyed it and there was never a word of money first day or last. Off he went and never left a halfpenny. So he boasted to his friends of the free holiday he got. 'But,' says they, 'go back an' you'll not be so welcome.'

"So back he went to try them and he got the right welcome an' he stays two weeks again and leaves with a blessing and not a penny passed. Off he went to Australia and the next they heard of him he died out there."

"How mean!" I exclaimed.

"Wait, dear," with uplifted finger, "till you hear. He'd made a will and left the monastery £40,000."

Melleray was a place not of dreams and phantoms but of practical farmers, of country people coming to Mass and to a good breakfast of homely fare, of school children busy and merry, of visitors in their motor cars pausing for a meal in this hostelry of heaven. Melleray is a center of life and of agriculture but it remembers all day and early, when you and I are asleep, that this world is "but an outer court of eternity."

◆

This isn't England's first blackout. When the "Reformation" came in, the sanctuary lamp went out.

Francis Davitt in the [Melbourne] *Advocate* (21 Dec. '40).

Music for the Blind

Key of See

By THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

Condensed from the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart**

A young fellow, stepping warily out of the path of merrymakers, passed into a side street and stopped at the fringe of a smaller crowd standing before a cheap café. The habitual seriousness of his expression had been lightened a moment before by a smile as the infectious good humor of the day had penetrated his preoccupation; but now, suddenly, his face hardened in an expression of shocked amazement.

Up ahead, seated on a wooden platform, were ten beggars in clownish attire who made a raucous attempt to play an assortment of musical instruments. Young Haüy was filled with pity, for the "musicians" who scraped so energetically at their violins were totally blind.

The sounds of that strange orchestra rang in his ears as Valentin Haüy threaded his way home. "I will substitute truth for this infamous farce," he vowed. "I will make the blind read; I will make them give concerts in harmony. I will raise them out of their dependency and give them the means to earn their livelihood with dignity."

Some such work had been awaiting him from the beginning. The poverty of his own parents had taught Haüy respect for the poor, and the education he had received from the Religious of the convent in Picardy had been his first instruction in kindness for the love of God. Even the slight diversion open to him, the companionship of his fellows, had little appeal for him. The only soirees he knew took place in an obscure house in the Rue des Moulins, where the Abbé de l'Epée following the footsteps of the healing Christ, tried to make the deaf hear, and the dumb speak.

All this was unconscious preparation for a great work, sharpening his sympathies for the poor and infirm. The sight of the blind musicians, reduced to frightful misery by their own ignorance and need, crystallized his ambitions. Behind him was a tradition of cruelty and neglect, of beggary for the blind. The past was lighted up only by the memory of St. Louis. He, it was said, had founded the Hospice de Quinze-Vingts for those crusaders who, with eyeballs pierced by the Turk, returned from the Holy Land afoot leading one another.

After an arduous preparation of ten years, Haüy took up the task of educating not only the blind but the world which so little knew their potentialities. With characteristic devotion, he selected the feast of Pentecost to begin the

**515 E. Fordham Rd., New York City. February, 1941.*

siege. Before the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, Haüy found a blind boy of 16 begging alms. François Lesueur became his first pupil. Out of his meager funds, the generous Haüy reimbursed the boy's parents for the time spent on his education. He was not only lighting a lamp in the darkness, but at the expense of his own comfort.

The slow process of teaching the blind student even the simplest of words involved the use of block letters, which Haüy cut out of wood and which François then arranged into labored sentences. But providence was not to be outdone by the teacher's patience, for one day a pasteboard box with embossed letters fell into François' hands. Master and pupil noted with joy the comparative rapidity with which the work of spelling could be done. It was but a step to printing with raised letters, and soon the school for one expanded into the Institution for the Blind, with Haüy educating, feeding and caring for a dozen pupils.

Among the pupils of the institution was Louis Braille, blind from the age of three, whose name would one day be synonymous with the education of the blind. The pupil would outrun the master, but without Haüy, Louis Braille might have grown up to be a comic figure in a world hardened in negligence and thoughtlessness.

Polite incredulity at Haüy's school soon passed into public support, and the ill-starred King Louis XVI invited Valentin and his pupils to visit at Versailles during Christmas of 1786. There, amid dazzling splendors, the most splendid thing that night was the demonstration of native intelligence and acquired skill which the blind visitors gave their monarch and his queen. Climaxing the event, Haüy presented Louis with the dedicatory copy of his *Essay on the Education of the Blind*. The next meeting of Haüy and his king was fraught with tragedy. When Louis and Marie Antoinette were awaiting death at the hands of the Revolutionary mob, Haüy and his little band begged permission to replace the king's chapel choir.

The Revolution made many changes, and the Institution for the Blind did not escape them. But, as thrones tottered, and the Catholic faith of France was besieged by insidious naturalism and its attendant secularization of all branches of life, Haüy's example of devotion and piety kept the light of faith unwaveringly bright in the lives of his pupils. The privations he endured during the transition, however, were climaxed by the decree of a bureaucratic premier consul in 1801, uniting the Institution with the Hospice de Quinze-Vingt. Haüy was summarily turned out of his own school.

But news of the man and his work had traveled abroad, and from Alexander I, came an invitation to establish a school for the blind in Russia. Haüy hastened to accept, but lingered en

route long enough to duplicate his institution in Berlin. A tragic disillusionment awaited him at the end of his journey, for the promised interview with the czar developed into a futile and wearying series of encounters with bureaucratic nonentities such as he had known in Revolutionary Paris. Finally, an impassioned appeal before a minor clerk, in which Haüy bespoke the cause of the sightless, elicited the remarkable reply, "But, sir, there are no blind people in Russia!" In answer to that official hypocrisy, Haüy took his sympathy to the streets of St. Petersburg, where he found objects enough for his pity and alms.

Haüy finally established his school in Russia, after vaulting mountainous obstacles. Old age and illness added to his burdens, and in 1817 he returned home to die. It was like a tonic to find his beloved institution flourishing once more under his old system. And what must have been the satisfaction of the old man, who as a youth of 26 watched in horror and indignation the spectacle of blind "musicians" producing discords for the vulgar amusement of a festival throng, when his return was celebrated in a masterly cantata, dedicated to him and performed entirely by a blind chorus and orchestra! At the conclusion of the performance, which saw a vow fulfilled, the venerable man arose with tears in his eyes and exclaimed, "My dear children, it is God who has done this!"

Haüy's last days were spent in peaceful proximity to his beloved institution, watching his work go on in younger hands. But the devoted man who died in the arms of his priest-brother on March 19, 1822, thought no more of himself than to say he was a "mere inventor of spectacles."

Ψ

Teetotaler Extremes

Rev. James H. Linsley was a strictly orthodox evangelical clergyman; and he was fanatical on the subject of temperance. His wife was a good singer and spent long hours in practice. One day Mr. Linsley found lying on the piano a song she had just learned; it was Jonson's *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.* He told her such a song was not fitting for a young lady to sing. He then erased the word *drink* and wrote in *eat;* henceforth she sang it, "Eat to me only with thine eyes."

The *Liguorian* (Jan. '41).

Lady Emily Fails To Keep Me Posted

By RAYMOND A. GRADY

Condensed from *America**

Table-d'hote dilemma

The family is busy with Emily Post. And life is not riding smoothly along on its usual even keel. The family seems to consider me a fit subject for experiment, and I am watched closely and compared with the etiquette book, much to my disadvantage. My smallest movement appears to be one against which Emily has written whole chapters.

I have not been around much, they said, and I could not possibly know, for instance, how to behave in the presence of a visiting *canapé*. Though it was agreed, unanimously, that if I were ever confronted with one, I would instinctively say or do the wrong thing.

Now I have not read Emily's book through, but I insist the money was wasted. True, a person can read it and learn how to address a fleeing archduke, a homing senator or a disbarred fence viewer. He can learn just which fork should be used to stab what vegetable. And introductions! Why, there is a code about it! As infringible a code as the one which used to govern the large duel, or the smaller duello. It is bad enough when presenting a man to a woman. But if the man is a famous Bun Dunker and she is merely a woman, complications ensue. And age has a lot to do with introductions, too. I am afraid I cannot remember all the rules, much less the exceptions to them. It is like trying to decide the gender of a French noun, and there is *no* safe way to do that, but by the grace of God and a fast outfield.

As I was saying, I have not read the book, and while Emily may cover a lot of ground, there are vital points I'll bet she overlooked. For instance, you are out walking in the rain, and you have an umbrella. If you meet a male friend who has none, what should you do? One umbrella will not protect both of you. Should you get your left side soaked while trying to protect a poor fat-headed oaf who had not sense enough to bring an umbrella of his own? Have you nerve enough to refuse him protection? Can you let the ribs poke him in the eye without remorse? Are you your brother's keeper?

In the case of a woman, of course, you would cover her and get soaked yourself. I suppose you have your *noblesse oblige*, haven't you? Well, then!

In the case of two men, the answer is simple—you just walk between them. Both of them will get soaked, but you will keep dry and yet get credit for trying to be helpful. But one man is a baffling problem.

**329 W. 108th St., New York City. Feb. 1, 1941.*

Then, too, there is the question which comes up, sometimes, in hotel dining rooms. I sit down and various waiters bring napkins, water and other non-essentials. Somebody else places bread and butter, and groups 14 knives, 14 forks and eight spoons around a plate. Then it develops that all I want is a bowl of milk toast and a peach Melba. Probably such orders are against the rules, but if that is what I feel like eating, this is what I order, and the waiter can look as black as he pleases. He is not going to intimidate me.

Well, the milk toast uses up one trowel-sized spoon; the peach Melba uses up one of the long slinky ones. There are left six spoons, 14 knives and 14 forks. What would Emily Post have me do with those? Just leave them there? But people going by as I am tackling the peach Melba smile pityingly at me because I have finished, they assume, a full meal, and evidently did it with my fingers. Else why is all the hardware cluttering up the fairway? It had bothered me for a long time.

But man is a thinking animal. While he will often reason himself into a coma, he can also think himself out of it. So, in this case, I found the answer. I tried various other experiments first, but they were unsatisfactory for one reason or another. Finally I hit upon the right idea and I have used it since with great success. I gather up the extra silverware and, muttering *milliockobie au nober,* I present it with a courtly bow to the henpecked-looking man at the next table.

It gives me a great deal of pleasure watching him, from then on, trying to figure out an answer to this foreign entanglement. He is too polite to heave it back, considering, too, that I might be mortally offended by such an action, and perhaps draw a stiletto on him. He is not sure about these foreigners. And he is prevented by my evident lack of English from making an explanation. So he just sits there gasping like a fish, as people go by peering at his setup and wondering what on earth he ordered that could require so much equipment.

If all problems of etiquette could be solved as easily as that of the surplus silverware, life would be pleasant. But I am still not satisfied with my handling of the umbrella situation. I may have to offer a valuable prize for the best solution. I am afraid, though, that would involve box tops, or something equally revolting. But in the meantime, I cannot go around exposing my ignorance by asking people, even people like Emily Post. It seems to be an impasse.

✥

Oxford epigrams are made by mistake or Mr. Bernard Shaw.

From *Georgian Adventure* by Douglas Jerrold (Scribner's: 1938).

Mexico's New Administration

By RANDALL POND

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

Promise of light

American Catholics have long been interested in Mexico. Ever since the fall of Porfirio Diaz, the aged dictator who was thrust from power in 1911, the Church in Mexico has suffered untold hardships and indignities. After the coming of Obregón and Calles in the early 20's, fearful stories began to appear in American papers and, from that time on, the persecution of the Church in Mexico became a matter of endless discussion for American Catholics.

Now another president has come to power below the Rio Grande and the inevitable question arises: What is his attitude toward the Church? If that question is answered, people will want to know: What does he say about education? How will he treat Americans? Is he a communist? Would he support us against Germany in case of war? Is there any chance of a revolution breaking out? Should I plan to visit Mexico?

President Manuel Avila Camacho has lived in Mexico all his life, made something of a record, and followed it with public declarations. On the basis of these things, we can try to give approximate answers to some of the questions we asked above.

The attitude of Camacho toward the Church was foreshadowed in certain pre-election statements to a young man who interviewed him for *Hoy*, the most important weekly magazine published in Mexico. The candidate put his words forcefully, "I am a believer." He then went on to develop the idea that there was no reason why people should be persecuted for their religious beliefs, especially when these beliefs were so closely linked to the finest and greatest traditions of the Mexican people. In short, Camacho gave the country to understand that he would continue the lenient policy of Cárdenas toward the Church. The bloody days of the Calles régime, when priests were shot, nuns imprisoned, and property confiscated, would find no parallel under the new administration.

Why did the candidate speak as he did? First of all, his mother was reputed one of the saintliest persons ever to live in her section of the state of Puebla, which is, incidentally, a stronghold of Catholic history and tradition. When she died, a little over a year ago, funeral services were held in the famed Puebla Cathedral, with Archbishop Vera officiating. Scores of high officials from departments in the city, state and nation attended; for in addition to Manuel, who was destined to

**Notre Dame, Ind. Feb. 8, 1941.*

be the next president, the deceased was mother also of the governor of Puebla state, Maximino Avila Camacho.

Since the elections, Archbishop Martinez has been interviewed concerning his attitude toward future relations between the Church and state. Like the president, he stated frankly that he felt the future would be bright. He admitted that the later years of the Cárdenas administration had been far more peaceful than any the Church had known for a long time, and said he felt confident that Camacho would live up to his word. "It is interesting to note," he said, "that for the first time in several generations, Mexico has a president who has admitted publicly that he is a Catholic, not an atheist or an agnostic. And I feel that the president will keep his word because he is a gentleman, and gentlemen are not in the habit of breaking their pledges." Not since the time of Benito Juárez, who ruled from 1858 to 1872, has a president of Mexico dared to confess that he was a son of the Church.

However, there is a flaw in the present situation. No one knows what the future will bring, for the vicious anti-clerical laws remain in the constitution. Calles and his successors enforced them with satanic vigor, Cárdenas almost ignored them; Camacho may go even further; but the Church will not be free to contribute its maximum efficiency in the building up of Mexican society until these laws which bind it are repealed. Only time will tell whether Camacho will have courage enough to initiate their repeal.

So far, the president has not committed himself on the educational question. His new head of the education department, Sánchez Ponton, has studied in Europe and the U. S. as well as in Mexico; and, though he is radical, it is said he has orders to clean out communist political appointees. Only once has the new secretary commented on the position of private schools (and this would include the large number of Catholic institutions which are conducted in a more or less open fashion): "They will be expected to obey Article III of the constitution, socializing education, and they must obey the laws which state that religious instruction cannot be given within the halls of the school itself." However, persons who understand the operation of the educational system believe that the trend will be much more conservative than it has been for the past decade.

The U. S. government knew what it was doing when it sent Henry Wallace, vice-president elect, down to Mexico as its special representative at the inauguration of Camacho. The mere announcement of the appointment, in the minds of most Mexicans, meant that the possible revolt of Gen. Juan Almazán, defeated candidate, was practically quashed. Since 1923, the American government has agreed to keep

its borders closed to Mexicans who wish to bring in arms and ammunition for rebellion against the central government; and since 1923 no Mexican revolution has been able to overthrow the central government. This is not merely coincidence. Further, the presence of Mr. Wallace has been taken to mean that Mexico will iron out the many troublesome problems which have arisen between the two republics during the past 30 years. Land, oil, railroads, mines, concessions of one kind and another will be discussed, along with means of mutual defense in case of attack from without. It is believed that Mexico will be helped to build airports, dredge harbors, and construct roads and bridges in order to be prepared to serve fully in the cause of hemisphere defense should the European conflict extend itself toward the Americas.

It is logical to say that if President Camacho is a believing Catholic, he will be anti-communist. But logic is not always the order of the day in Mexico; the reverse is usually true. Still it seems that the president does not care much for the company of Vicente Lombardo Toledano, who has ruled the Mexican labor roost since around 1935. If Camacho makes Lombardo's Confederation of Mexican Workers toe the mark, this will be real evidence that the power of the hammer and sickle has been broken. Next to the problems of religion and education, the relations between capital, labor and the government are of most importance if real advances are to be made.

Is there any possibility of revolution in Mexico? Almazán stated publicly that he would not revolt against the new government, that he would not sacrifice thousands of lives in a futile effort to defeat a group which, it was apparent, had the backing of the U. S. Many of his supporters condemned the general for these remarks, charging that he had "sold out." Others called him coward, turncoat, and political corpse; one group even held a public wake around the prostrate effigy of the general! Almazán may have played his cards wrong; at any rate there are Americans and Mexicans who are shocked at his remarks. But these are the facts and we may as well face them. The U. S. does not want a revolution in Mexico and is willing to back Camacho. Almazán realizes this and accepts a situation so evidently for the good of his country. It is reasonably certain that there will be no revolutionary disturbance in Mexico for some time to come.

If you have thought of taking a vacation in Mexico, I urge you to take it. Even before the war, I used to say that Mexico was "the poor man's Europe." Here are churches which, considering the time and the circumstances under which they were built, are unequaled anywhere in the world. Here are paintings, sculptures and stone

carvings of all kinds, showing pure Spanish art at its best. The climate is delightful, the people courteous and most anxious to serve.

I can feel about me a certain change of atmosphere, a feeling that the last few years under Cárdenas saw the country at such a low level of production, so beaten and bullied by venal leaders in government and labor, that it only wanted a change in presidents to send a new feeling of resurgence bubbling to the surface. Much, of course, depends on the way the collaborators of Avila Camacho do their work. But if the president can keep the confidence he has won from the people, Mexico is well on the way to an era of prosperity that may mean her return to the rank she held in international society under Porfirio Diaz. But this time social justice will be in the picture, making it one of prosperity for those in the lower and middle ranks as well as for those on top.

Ψ

Shakespeare's Religion

Was Shakespeare a Catholic? It is certain, as the researches of Edgar I. Fripp, the late John Semple Smart, and Clara Longworth de Chambrun have made clear, that on both sides of the family he came of Catholic stock. His father, John Shakespeare, was fined for not attending Protestant services, and on another occasion was summoned to appear before the Queen's Court at Westminster, charged with "disorderly conduct" and fined £40, a penalty not commensurate with what we understand by disorderly conduct. Four near relatives of Shakespeare on his mother's side were executed at Tyburn for their devotion to the Catholic faith. His maternal uncle, Edward Arden, was put to death for "housing a seminary priest," Hugh Hall, the cleric who possibly officiated at the poet's secret marriage with Anne Hathaway. Shakespeare's grandaunt Isabel, previous to the suppression of the monasteries, had been mother superior of a convent at Wroxall. Sir Thomas Lucy, against whom Shakespeare held a strong animus, was noted in and around Stratford for vigorous zeal in enforcing the anti-Catholic laws. The master of the school where Shakespeare learned his "small Latin"—Ovid, Plautus, Juvenal, and Virgil—was a fugitive priest, one Simon Hunt who died in Rome in 1585. When Shakespeare went up to London (and not on account of a poaching episode, by the way, for in his time, there was no deer park at Sir Thomas Lucy's Charlecote) his friend and patron was the Catholic Earl of Southampton. Then, there is the well-known testimony of the Anglican Archdeacon Davies of Sapperton that Shakespeare "dyed a papist."

From an address by Brother Leo (*NCWC* pamphlet).

Genius in Clay

By DOROTHY E. SANGSTER

Condensed from *Catholic Youth**

Cure for irate fathers

Coco was posing. But every once in a while he would wag his tail, and then his mistress would sigh, and start over.

The clay was deliciously moist in young Suzanne Silvercruys' hands, so invitingly smooth. She forgot that she was sick and sitting in a wheel chair. She remembered only the beautiful sculpturing set a friend had given her yesterday. If only Coco would stand still.

This was back in 1924, and today Suzanne Silvercruys is internationally famous. Her work is represented in New York's Museum of Art; she holds honors and degrees and is the youngest woman ever to receive Belgium's highest award, knighthood in the Order of Leopold. For the model of Coco was so amazingly "like" that the young Suzanne had decided to take up sculpturing as her career.

In a little hunting lodge in Maeseyck, Belgium, in 1898, this story had its beginning. In that year Suzanne was born, the third child of Baron Franz and Flora Silvercruys. She grew up as so many little European girls grow up, in a convent, studying manners and music. But things happened to her right from the start; the roses in her life have always had thorns.

Take the time she was visiting in Louvain and was asked to play her violin at a concert. This was her first public appearance. The lights dimmed, the young girl came out in her white dress; high and sweet rose the notes of Thais' *Meditation*. The applause was thrilling, and the bouquet of roses in her hands was fragrant. Suzanne retired gracefully—until she reached the wooden curtain raiser and stepped over it just as the order was given to raise the curtain; then she stopped being graceful and hung ludicrously, violin and roses and white dress, yards up in the air before a startled house!

At the outbreak of the first World War, when the Germans invaded Belgium, Suzanne remembers: "Mother and I, we knelt at our open window and listened to the guns. Every gunshot was stabbing us in the heart, for every shot was killing one of our boys."

The Belgian army slowly gave way, and the Silvercruys family was forced to flee. Suzanne, then 15, enlisted as a Red Cross nurse, serving until her father decided she was to go to England for schooling.

Getting to England was not as easy as it sounds. Suzanne, trying to cross the Belgian-Netherlands border, was halted by German authorities for fur-

**67 Bond St., Toronto, 2, Ont., Canada. February, 1941.*

ther investigation. Mr. Silvercruys decided not to wait. That night his young daughter took her suitcase in one hand and her violin in the other, and ran across a secluded part of the Belgian border into Holland.

Belgium to Holland, Holland to England, England to America! It was 1917, and she was speaking to an audience of American business men on Belgium's plight. Introduced as "a little Belgian girl," Suzanne Silvercruys held her audience raptly interested for an hour and a half. The morning papers headlined her speech and she was recalled to her own country and made an official representative.

Then came 1924, she was sick, and the friend brought the sculpturing set. Prof. George Eberhardt praised Coco's statue; Suzanne started classes in 1925 at the Yale School of Fine Arts and in three years received her degree in sculpturing.

She won honorable mention, then first prize in the Beaux Arts Competition and first prize in the Rome Alumni Competition. She has modeled over 300 celebrities: the quintuplets, Katharine Hepburn, Jack Dempsey, Lord Tweedsmuir, Herbert Hoover, Louis Sobol; and once she designed an automobile radiator cap for an Indian chief!

This talented Catholic artist recently turned her thoughts to ecclesiastical sculpture. Early in April, 1940, she gave an exhibit of her new work under the sponsorship of Fordham University, and critics are agreed that her modern interpretations of religious subjects are a step forward in a renaissance of Catholic art.

Every year, Suzanne lectures throughout the country. Her lectures are extraordinary in one respect at least: she chooses a member of the audience and models his head while she is talking on "the relationship of art to the individual." The plastalina quickly takes perfect shape under her nimble hands. Miss Silvercruys says that every individual needs some form of self-expression in this modern mechanical world and only by giving full rein to the artistic abilities in us can we truly live. She herself writes short stories and is working on a series of books on sculpturing; she has finished an autobiography, and several motion picture companies are said to be interested in a play she wrote last summer.

The dark-haired Belgian girl has always been a person of character and vitality, of charm and kindness. A good example of this is the letter she wrote her father when as a small girl he had demonstrated anger before her:

"Dear Papa: I am very sad when you are angry. It is very bad for your health. Dear papa, if you please, do not lose your temper, for that makes me very unhappy. The next time you get angry, I shall go *pst-pst-pst* three times and then to please me you will not be angry any more. I love you, I adore you, I idolize you. Suzanne."

Miseries of a Master Race

By THOMAS A. FOX, C.S.P.

Caesar couldn't do it

Condensed from the *Ecclesiastical Review**

However the world crisis resolves itself, we are likely to see a wholly new order of things. The English are not desperately hanging on to save the old order, they must know that it is done with. If anything, they are staking all to have a free hand in moulding their world of tomorrow. And this seems to be our own point of view.

Now that Mr. Hitler has the European continent firmly in his grasp, one wishes that he wisely knew what to do with it; some higher purpose than merely exploiting it to serve Teutonic ends. But somebody, somehow, must effect the common good of Europe, if this world is to be even a tolerable place to live in. Much as we Americans, in our provincial way, would like to regard a European war as a cockfight which we may casually look in on, it should now be apparent to everyone that Europe is the keystone of any world order. Perhaps Mr. Belloc had this in mind when he asserted that "Europe is the faith and the faith is Europe." If the Church should go under in Europe, who would be so bold as to predict triumphs for her elsewhere? A thoroughly de-Christianized Europe would so bedevil conditions in every other sector of the globe as to make the missionary's prospects bleak indeed.

Europe's trouble is mainly religious; she is looking for something which was lost in the 16th century: the uniformity of creed, culture and outlook without which she cannot hope for unity and peace. This point escaped the League of Nations as it had the Holy Alliance; and if it influenced the designs of Napoleon he kept it studiously under his hat. Hitler doesn't give it a thought.

Instead, he has gone to the dustbin of history and fished out the old "master race" formula which Rome once saddled on the Mediterranean world, with far less success than we are apt to think. And Rome had ideal conditions for imposing a Procrustean peace. Once the Punic threat was disposed of, she had the only armament worth mentioning. Her agents and spies were everywhere; she had immense sources of raw materials and cheap labor, and could farm out the *orbis terrarum* to the tax collector. Yet the *Pax Romana* was a loosely woven fabric forever fraying at the ends. Hitler has no such walkover in prospect. If, while policing a body of water which the Italians regard as a private lake, the Roman armada was continually fretted by pip-squeak pirates, can Hitler hope to

*1722 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. February, 1941.

police the seven seas? If the great Roman army was forever on the move to keep the Northern tribes and a few paltry kingdoms of Asia Minor in order, can Hitler's army hope to police the globe? And if it cannot, where is his world dominion?

Enemies from without are not all a master race has to fear. More formidable are the enemies from within: its own politicians, with their constant jockeying for place and power, even at the risk of civil war. Thieves may fall out and subject peoples are ever on the alert to better themselves.

In addition, there are the pernicious effects of prosperity; and what master race is not prosperous? With the whole world paying tribute, it is bound to be. Rome was disgustingly rich, as was evident from her table manners. Unfortunately for a master race, though God (or the press agent) makes it masterly, He does not make it immune to the dry rot of prosperous living. Prosperity rotted the master Roman race; it would rot the master German race. Hitler may be a vegetarian, a veritable Simeon Stylites in his Berchtesgaden aerie; but judging from their pictures, a lot of the bigwigs around him are raring to kill the fatted calf, if they have not done so already. They seem eager to get their world conquest over with and start making whoopee. But a master race cannot make whoopee and go on being the master race.

Another weakness of the master-race theory is that genius takes no account of it. This whimsical incidence of talent is most embarrassing to a master race, as indeed to all aristocratic or dynastic forms of government. The Giver of gifts is no respecter of the Jim Crow laws, as the voice of Marian Anderson attests. Great men, like saints, come from everywhere. If there were a genuine master race, it would not have to ballyhoo itself nor build a fleet of bombing planes to assert its mastery; it would top the list forever by its superior qualities of mind and heart. Man's mastery of the animal kingdom has never been contested, because man has something in his cranium which the other animals have not. The brutes would tell you, if they could, that man is indeed a master race and there is nothing for them but to knuckle under to him. But a Pole would never say as much of his German overlords, for he remembers Stanislaus, Sobieski, Chopin, Sienkiewicz, Madame Curie. They were masterly spirits also.

More than an adventitious superiority in tanks and bombing planes is needed to produce a master race. Britain has far greater armaments today than when her empire was building, but she has not nearly as much brain power in parliament. When you have seen something of the literature of ancient Rome, you are not surprised that the nation which produced it also ruled the world; when you glance through the pages of

Goodrich's *British Eloquence,* you are not surprised that men capable of such utterance also captured the ship lanes. A neat blend of intelligence and gunpowder is needed to build and maintain an empire, and this is why a people's literature is a good index of their imperial qualifications. And this is why one shivers to find Van Wyck Brooks speaking of the Indian summer of American literature. For literature is simply the occasional luster of hard thinking, and hard thinking goes with hard living. When a people stop living the hard way, national greatness starts slipping from their grasp. Give us a race of minds and hearts like the mind and heart which produced the *Summa,* and we will gladly doff our caps to them and vote *Ja* to all their wishes.

Apart from the fact that probably no anthropologist would allow for a simonpure racial strain anywhere in the world today, what with the itinerancy of armies and the nomadic tendency of our species generally, there is the other fact that racial peculiarities are largely a figment of patriotic orators and the vaudeville comedian. The stage Irishman is a travesty. But so is the stage Jew, Englishman, Frenchman, Jap or Italian.

The older one grows and the more he gets around, the less difference he perceives among the various races. Maybe my eyes need looking after, but the great American melting pot is becoming just one big blur, one human race; and everywhere is found the same immense capacity for sin. A truly master race would not be stupid and would never sin. Only one human being, our blessed Lady, ever fulfilled that ideal. No wonder Catholics venerate her! She was a race of one, the only master race on record.

Conditions are against that master-race pattern winning acceptance today. Hitler is not dealing with the benighted crowd of Asiatics, Africans and Northern tribesmen whom Rome lorded it over, but with a cultivated Europe. The Greeks were too listless and *laissez faire* to give battle to the Romans, but shrewdly knew that there are other forms of conquest than military, and that you can as surely ruin a nation by rotting it. "Why bruise our knuckles," the Greeks may have yawned in their effete languor, "when we can effect the same purpose by serving these virile Romans a Mickey Finn?" How's Hitler going to keep his big Spartan Nazis down in a submarine after they've seen Paree?

Hitler was never more sagacious than when he said that universal literacy has been the undoing of liberal countries. It most certainly is inimical to the good order of a country to have morons and hillbillies reading Judge Rutherford's pamphlets. Rome had no such liability and yet was gradually eased out of the saddle. How is Berlin going to fare any better with millions of potential pamphlet readers all around her, and

a furtive crystal set in every Balkan shanty? Before Hitler can exile learning he will have to get rid of the Catholic Church, the prolific mother of learning, and at this he is not likely to succeed.

Such are the miseries of a master race. Such are the difficulties which will plague Hitler's efforts to bring stable peace to Europe. If he had only gone for his ideas to the 13th century instead of to the first! Europe once knew coherence and a certain tranquillity, and they were founded on the master-race idea. The nations of Europe were once enfeoffed to the master race of Western Christendom; a race not of blood and soil, but of spirit and truth; which recognized no aristocracy but that of virtue, no heroes but saints; a people which transcended racial classifications, geographical frontiers, vernacular differences and national idiosyncracies; which gave Europe a common creed, a common culture, a common outlook; even a common idiom of literacy, the Latin tongue. Moral questions arose, but there were common principles by which to solve them; and there was a supreme and supranational arbiter in the papacy. I am not saying that 13th-century Europe was paradise restored. Alleys were dangerous places after dark, and women were well advised not to take all men at their face value. There was sin but it was called such and not "behaviorism." Children were birched for flouting the decencies instead of encouraged to make asses of themselves. Dogs were left to roam the streets instead of smelling up the houses. However, we need not romanticize about the Middle Ages to praise them. Enough to say that Europe then was in process of cultural enrichment; today it is in process of cultural impoverishment.

Man cannot get far without hope, and there is no hope without faith. The medieval philosophy engendered a hopeful outlook. It taught man that though he is in a bad way as a result of original sin, his case is far from desperate. He has intelligence by which to take thought and husband his resources. His will has not been bound over to evil. He can breast the swift current of his animal instincts and repress the wanton instancy of passion.

The pessimism of our current outlook is somewhat hidden by the illusory hopefulness of modern science. No one will gainsay that science has done wonders, and that we can count on more and more wonders to come. Living conditions have been physically improved, and our knowledge of the cosmos vastly enhanced. But is this the hopefulness we need? How does man himself fit into the picture, unless by tragic contrast? When the experimental psychologists apply their investigation to man himself their findings are anything but flattering; and stripped of technical lingo, much of what they say could not be sent through the mails.

The positive scientist is the only teacher man heeds nowadays and the positive scientist is telling him that he is a washout.

No wonder we are crushed in spirit. No wonder we have become a race of masochists, plaiting the whip of regimentation and barbing it with bureaucrats to scourge ourselves. No wonder we are prostrate before the *machine* and frantically looking to it as to the "mountain whence cometh help." No wonder we take morose pleasure in dredging up the slime of the subconscious and spreading it across the pages of our journals. No wonder we sit sullenly at home on election day and let gangsters and their riffraff following run and ruin our cities. "What's the use?" we say, like a man who has been to the doctor and heard a diagnosis of cancer. We have been to the positive scientists and learned we are hopeless bundles of reflexes. "And that inverted bowl they call the sky—look not to it for help, for it as impotently moves as you or I," adds Mr. Einstein by way of rubbing it in. This is the moral atmosphere in which Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini expect to "create a new order." It will be *some* new order! Of course if they have in mind to revive open slavery, now is the psychological moment to do it.

Catholic philosophy precludes the hangdog spirit which despots batten on. There is something disgustingly abject about the frenzied following of personal leadership today. Some are shocked at first reading St. Ignatius Loyola's famous *Letter on Obedience* in which he exhorts Religious subjects to be as tractable as a walking stick in their superior's hands. But Loyola was no yes man. The obedience he counseled is a transcendental thing. He obeyed the divine and only the divine in earthly authority. Nothing servile or psychopathic about that! His *Letter on Obedience* was rather a sublime mutiny against merely human authority. This is Christian obedience; and it does not degrade men, as that exacted by the despotic modern state. The Christian saint is just about the spunkiest and most spirited person there is, as Herod found out when Paul was haled before him. I wonder how much spunk and spirit will be left in the regimented masses of totalitarian countries.

The same is true of Christian humility and meekness. Rosenberg and Goebbels affect to think that Christianity makes men craven. As if the haunting dread of the concentration camp made men bold! Chesterton noted the similarity between Christian humility and the sense of unworthiness in a lover who considers himself quite undeserving of the girl but is ready to move heaven and earth to get her. The Christian deems himself no fit person to be in the presence of God but storms the battlements of heaven to be there. The paradox is charmingly illustrated in the life of the Little Flower, where

Christian humility can be seen in all the splendor of its vaulting, lyrical audacity.

There is nothing mean-spirited about Christian humility. It is not a negative thing, the mere putting off of self, but the positive putting on of Christ. The devout Christian is no lickspittle climber, merely hobnobbing with the royalty of heaven. He *is* royalty, "sons of God and co-heirs with Christ." Which accounts for that regal bearing of the saints. Francis of Assisi may be garbed in gunny sacking, but he wears it with a regal air; you spot him at once for an impecunious prince.

What *is* calculated to make us a race of menial yes men is the meekness demanded by the dictators, whose theme song is, "If you do as I do, think as I think, say as I say, then you'll be happy —*or else!*" Far preferable is the humility of the Christian saint, who takes one good look at himself, laughs at his own comical nothingness, and then goes running out onto the terrace of the stars for another good romp with the Son of God.

Blow to the Church

It is well known how many staunch Catholics there are who look on the law of abstaining from meat on Friday as not only a serious obligation imposed by the Church, but almost as something divine. Maurice Francis Egan tells of a certain Irishman who, when the pope granted a dispensation from the Friday abstinence because of the influenza epidemic, confided to him this opinion: "I'm not saying anything against His Holiness, but this is the worst blow the Catholic Church has had since the death of Charles Stewart Parnell."

The *Liguorian* (Jan. '41).

Blows at Random

An Irishman newly arrived in New York was strolling through some of the slum quarters of that great city. Presently he came upon a great brawl in which everyone in the street seemed to be engaged. The Irishman was unable to gather the merits of the dispute from the wild cries of Italian, Yiddish and other languages. He waited a short time—and could stand it no longer. He took off his coat, placed it on the railings near by, and then rushed into the thickest of the melee with the words, "May God direct me. . . ."

The *Irish Independent* quoted in the *Irish Digest* (Feb. '41).

Wings Over America

By ROSS L. HOLMAN

Flivvers of the air

Condensed from the *Catholic Boy**

Some day in the very near future you will walk out to your front gate, get into your own private plane and take a hop across the continent just as casually as you would now drive over to your own state capital. If you are not too particular, you will be able, no matter in what part of the country you are living, to attend college and board at home.

This may sound incredible but right now you can walk up to any one of a number of airplane salesmen within your territory, make a down payment, and have a plane delivered at the cost of a medium priced automobile. You won't be allowed to fly it until you have taken the required number of hours' training to secure a pilot's license; but even that handicap is being made easier. Over 300 colleges are giving boys and girls courses in aviation as part of their college work. Light planes are now running off the assembly lines in four or five manufacturing plants and can be bought complete at prices running from the minus side of $1,000 to $100 or so above.

The rise of the flivver plane has come upon us with such suddenness that not many of us realize the significance of what is really taking place. It came because William Piper, Gilbert Taylor and two or three other men of vision decided to take the airplane out of the luxury class and put it within the reach of the man of modest income, just as Henry Ford did with the automobile. In order to manufacture a plane that would sell they had to make it as cheap and safe as an automobile. To this end, they are now making light planes that weigh about 700 pounds with which you can take off or land at very little risk and after only a fraction of the training time that it used to require.

There is one type of cub plane that is powered by a 40-horse motor and cruises at 75 miles per hour. You can get from 20 to 26 miles per gallon of gasoline, as cheap a running cost as that of the average-priced automobile. One owner of a flivver plane flew from Brownsville, Texas, to Panama, 2,200 miles. After a lot of sight-seeing on the way, he arrived at his destination with an actual flying time of 30 hours, a gas consumption of 102 gallons, and had made the entire trip, including landing fees, at a cost of $77.03.

Another owner of a light plane flew his machine every day for a year, kept an account of his costs, and at the end of that time found he had made a total mileage record of 44,500 miles in 618 hours' flying time at an average cost of

*1300 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis, Minn. February, 1941.

less than 2 cents a mile. This covered gas, oil, depreciation and hangar rental.

Many people fancy these flivver planes are shortlived. Private light planes have not been in use long enough to get very accurate data on this point, but the first cub plane ever built is still winging its way across the skies, and has stacked up a total of 250,000 miles. It has been off the ground as much as 3,400 hours. The engine of such planes is estimated to have a life of 4,000 to 6,000 flying hours.

There are two or three ways of acquiring the number of flying hours which the government requires before unsupervised flying is permitted. One of these has been mentioned. The Civil Aeronautics Authority has succeeded in getting an appropriation of $4 million to give instruction in air travel in our colleges. The response has been tremendous. All over the country, boys and girls by the thousands want to learn how to fly. A trained pilot instructor gives lessons at regular intervals. You take a prescribed 72-hour ground course and a controlled instruction course of 32 hours in the air.

Some of the companies manufacturing the planes also give courses in flying. The fee per flying hour varies but the course is standard and complete and includes a study of airport signals, weather reports and maps.

Those who are not able to buy a plane and pay the cost of instruction but would still like to fly can join a flying club. There are hundreds of these in the U. S. and they make it easier for a person of modest means to become a pilot. Some of these clubs have 30 or more members. Instead of each member buying a plane, they pool their buying power and purchase one or more planes, depending on the number who wish to participate.

One way to become the owner of a plane at a reasonable cost is to buy a used machine. Like the used-car business, the second-hand plane is becoming an increasingly important factor in making the country air-minded. A reasonably good flying boat that has seen no more than 500 or 600 hours of service may be secured at prices ranging from $400 to $700.

With these rapid advances in plane marketing, some people are beginning to wonder what is going to happen to the U. S. automobile industry. Actually, many problems must be solved before the airplane can seriously compete with the automobile as a means of speedy transport. The stalled motorist can summon a service man to his aid in a few minutes by merely going to the nearest telephone. The aviator, however, who is forced down in a cow pasture isn't going to find it so easy to call to his rescue a mechanic who knows how to repair a plane. The transition from the highways to the skyways may be completed some day, but it isn't just around the corner.

Language of the Profane

By LEONARD TWYNHAM and PETER HOPKINS

Words have meaning

Condensed from the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament**

Superficially there does not seem to be anything very offensive about the expression, "By all that's holy, I swear." As in the case of many trifling oaths, the degree of irreverence depends on the tone of the voice and the context of words, ideas and moods. But there are exclamations and phrases more definite than the above which appear to border on sacrilege even in their modifications. The radio and press carry some such terms even outside the literalism of dramatic dialogue. A few colloquialisms are familiar in their Elizabethan origins and their Yankee variations, from "Godfrey," "golly," "begorra" and "by gosh" to "jeepers creepers."

Our concern is with those that imply reference to the Sacrament. Often no impiety is intended. However, the exclamation is in a few cases so definite in its allusion that it partakes of the nature of blasphemy. The British were experts in this type of profanity; and members of royalty, when they became squeamish about the manners of their own utterance, swore in French. In 1628 James Howel mentioned this "infandous custom of swearing" among the Englishers, but added that "a German, in highest puff of passion, swears by a hundred thousand sacraments." The plays of the latter 17th century are full of oaths uttered by all classes of people. In Congreve's plays the word "mess" is used irreverently for the Mass. There was a general triteness regarding holy things; and in some of the verbal abuses there was an anti-religious motivation.

It does not sound very objectionable when we hear Polonius in *Hamlet* exclaim, "By the Mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed," or Shallow in *Henry the Fourth* chide the revelers with, "By the Mass, you'll crack a quart together." We, too, indulge in harmless expletives when we use such expressions as "holy Christmas," and "jiminy Christmas" without being aware that sacred words and ideas are merely altered and shaded in a small way.

An expression common in the so-called Reformation period was "bodykins" or "God's bodykins." This is a diminutive form for "body" and referred originally to the sacramental bread. When the fussy old courtier says to Hamlet, "I will use them according to their deserts," Hamlet replies, "God's bodykins, man, much better." This is a frequent oath in Shakespearean plays which a few actors have seen fit to expurgate. In *As You Like It* is another instance often omitted in stage versions,

*194 E. 76th St., New York City. March, 1941.

because of its trivial jest and patent untruth. When Rosalind says, "And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread," Celia retorts, "A nun on winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them." Surely a Catholic today cannot hear such words spoken without resentment. The French oath *"corbleu"* includes this same disregard for the sacred *corpus,* a swearing "by the Body of God." Italians in rough dialect use like desecrations in *"con la hostia"* and *"sacramento,"*—"by the host" and "by the sacrament."

The *"sacre bleu"* is a like specimen of blasphemy. In the dramas of Shakespeare "'sblood" is the customary corruption for "God's blood." When Hamlet is vexed with his prying friends, he cries, "'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural." Shakespeare employs the same expression in *Henry the Fifth* and in *Othello* and elsewhere in his plays.

In Shakespeare's time there was a phrase of popular slang referring to the missal. "Cock and pie" was a vulgar corruption of the name of Deity, an old chanticleer notion, usually combined with "pie" or "pye," the word for the Service Book of the "Romish Church." It occurs in *Henry the Fourth, Part II,* and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* in such expressions as, "By cock and pie, you shall not choose," and "By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away tonight." This was a blatant ridicule of sacred matters which Shakespeare put into the mouths of crude fellows, such as Shallow and a Page. An allied slander, which appears in our modern "'sdeath" or *"morbleu,"* appeared in the form of "cock's passion," as in *The Taming of the Shrew* when Grumio commands, "Cock's passion, silence." Whether in 17th-century or present form, this kind of speech treats disrespectfully the greatest tragedy of history which the Church reenacts in the sacrifice of the Mass.

Of similar vulgarity and irreverence are other terms mentioning the crucifixion. "Gadzooks" derives from "God's hooks." The literal reference is to the nails with which Christ was fastened to the cross. The phrase also refers to the Welsh hook, or intersection of the shaft of a halbert with the steel head of spike and blade. Coins were stamped with such designs, from which practice arose the custom of calling pieces of money "crosses." "By the rood" and "by the holy rood" became ordinary exclamations found in several cases in *Hamlet, Richard the Third* and *Romeo and Juliet,* and used as a very mild oath, now written by contemporary dramatists into many period pieces. "'Zounds" and *"ventre-bleu"* survive as swearing by "God's wounds," early examples of which are plentiful in *Twelfth Night, Romeo and Juliet,* and *King John.* Mistress Quickly varies this to "'Ods nouns."

We would not be so priggish and

meticulous as to claim that the use of such items in everyday speech is highly blasphemous. But considering the real meaning of the terms discussed, we feel that delicacy of Catholic sentiment requires a hesitancy in uttering and writing and approving verbiage of holy connotation. Every semblance of desecration of the Sacrament should be avoided. Careless fault in this respect leads to graver errors.

Two hundred fifty years ago Sir John Harrington sketched in verse the growing tendency he lamented, for he saw the theological implications of even mincing oaths:

"In olden-times an ancient custom was
To swear in mighty matters by the *Mass;*
But when the Mass went down, as old men note,
They swore then by the *cross,* of this same groat;
And when the cross was likewise held in scorn,
Then by their *faith* the common oath was sworn,
Last, having sworn away all faith and truth,
Only God damn them is the common oath:
Thus custom kept decorum by gradation,
That, losing *Mass, cross, faith,* they find *damnation.*"

Irreligious usages such as these are indefensible on the lips of Catholics, even if they don't mean what they say.

Ψ

Meiosis

The English are known to have an extraordinary talent for understatement, but I have seldom heard such an instance of it as this. It was in a railway carriage, and the talk was general, for bombs are not only noisy in themselves, but cause other noises to increase, and people to talk. Blasts have broken down many walls of taciturnity. "Everybody," my informant told me, "was boasting a little bit how very near very big bombs had been to them, for that is the new snobbery. Then a quiet and pale girl, who had not spoken at all, among the loud-voiced competitors, said, 'My aunt had a very unpleasant experience the other day.' As she had not talked at all, they thought it only fair to show some interest. 'What happened?' said they. 'A bomb came right down into the sitting room where she was sitting and exploded,' said the girl. 'It was very unpleasant for her.' 'I should think so,' they said. 'And wasn't she hurt?' 'Oh, yes,' said the girl, 'her head was blown off; it was really very unpleasant for her.' "

The [London] *Tablet* (28 Dec. '40).

Pastoral Court

Grass-roots justice

By MICHAEL SCHLEICH, S.M.

Condensed from the *Apostle of Mary**

An institution in Valencia which attracts the attention of even the most casual observer is *El Tribunal de las Aguas* (The Court of Irrigation). To understand its importance, one must bear in mind that the immense agricultural riches of the Valencia district depend upon irrigation. The tribunal has existed since time immemorial, to insure a just distribution of the waters of the rivers that flow through this valley and empty into the Mediterranean Sea.

The court consists of eight judges representing the eight irrigation districts lying on both sides of the Turia River. It meets weekly at noon, on the sidewalk to the left of the cathedral, called the Gate of the Twelve Apostles. The cathedral furnishes the necessary eight armchairs and portable iron-railing enclosure.

The proceedings are oral; decisions are without appeal, though the accused may defend himself. Here is practically a supreme court for the control of irrigation. The overseer of each district is charged with bringing his respective cases before the court. Once the proof of guilt or innocence is established, the presiding judge exchanges views with his associates, a decision is reached, and judgment is pronounced publicly. To assure impartiality, the presiding judge in any particular case may not be of the same side of the river as the accused. One session of this court at which I was an observer taught me a grave respect for fundamental Spanish democracy. A little after noon the court crier announced in a loud voice the arrival of the judges. The crowd opened a path through which they passed, dressed not in cap and gown, but in plain working clothes. Nothing could be better suited to the character of the court, for here were farmers sitting in judgment over their peers. As soon as the judges were seated, the crier called out the cases in their order. The first was that of a farmer accused of cutting out water from his neighbor's land contrary to irrigation laws. The accused defended himself with rustic eloquence. When he finished, the judge asked him simply whether or not he had committed the act. The accused answered that he had. Judgment came at once, "As a fine you must pay the costs." The defendant wanted to argue further but the judge cut him short and called the next case.

All the cases were treated with the same dispatch and fairness; and in about half an hour the four for that

**108 Franklin St., Dayton, Ohio. February, 1941.*

day had been settled. The sentences were generally in the form of fines, not excessive in amount. Their work done, the judges, headed by the court crier, filed out of the iron precinct. The crowd dispersed immediately.

The tribunal is unique, even in Spain. These farmer-judges seemed by their age and bearing veritable patriarchs of their respective districts, men whose sunburned skins and calloused hands showed that they were well suited to administer rural justice. A peculiarity about the court is that it admits no lawyer; plaintiff and defendant must plead their own cases and the judges base their decisions solely on the merits of the arguments.

The origin of *El Tribunal de las Aguas* and the irrigation laws that it administers goes back to the Middle Ages. The Arabs developed the system and successive generations perfected it so that it is claimed to be the most perfect system of its kind not only in Spain but in any other country.

Ψ

Flights of Fancy

Friendless as an alarm clock.

Genteel as a dowager's hiccup.—*Time.*

Icicles jeered at the calendar.—*Anna V. Culhane.*

The girls seemed to like his purse-anality.—*John Salatka.*

His chest preceding like a spread awning.—*Elizabeth Goudge.*

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the teeth of the children are set on edge.—*Ezechiel XVIII, 2.*

Fog and sun shafts shuffling the pack of scenic features.—*Stephen Rynne.*

The moon was walking knee-deep among the clouds.—*Margaret Deland.*

It was as if Good Friday and Easter Sunday rode together.—*Helene Margaret.*

Peace without justice is like painting rouge on the international cheek. *Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen.*

Her glance reduced him to the level of a moth in her favorite lounge.—*Daniel A. Lord, S.J.*

Times when you've no more oomph in your spine than last week's platter of spaghetti.—*Elsie Robinson.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to the foregoing. We will pay upon publication $1 to the first contributor of each one used. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned. Exact source must be given.—Editor.]

Wider Horizons of American History

By HERBERT E. BOLTON

Condensed from the book*

History lives when Dr. Herbert Eugene Bolton teaches it, whether by lecture or book. At 70, he still studies his facts in the field. Exploration and documentary research have taken him over difficult terrain and into the archives of two continents. Notably he has investigated the native tribes of Texas, unearthed Mexican records of early Americana and has written many definitive volumes based on a lifetime study of Spanish exploration. Dr. Bolton is professor of history at the University of California and director of the Bancroft Library. His *Alma Mater* is the University of Wisconsin and he has received degrees from many other institutions. He was born in Wilton, Wis.

There is need of a broader treatment of American history, to supplement the purely nationalistic presentation to which we are accustomed. European history cannot be learned from books dealing alone with England, France, Germany, Italy or Russia; nor can American history be adequately presented if confined to Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Canada or the U. S. In our own country the study of 13 English colonies and the U. S. in isolation has obscured many of the larger factors in their development and helped to raise up a nation of chauvinists. Similar distortion has resulted from the writing and teaching of national history in other American countries.

It is time for a change. The increasing importance of inter-American relations makes imperative a better understanding by each of the history and culture of all. A synthetic view is important not alone for its present-day political and commercial implications; it is quite as desirable from the standpoint of correct historiography.

At the end of the 16th century Spain and Portugal held the dominant position in America. No other European power had established a single permanent settlement. Portugal monopolized the Brazilian seaboard. Spain had colonies all the way from Buenos Aires to the Rio Grande. Two-thirds of the Western Hemisphere was then Hispanic, and so it has remained to this day. Spain's exalted position in the New World at the time is illustrated by the enemies who then rose up against her.

The North European countries and France were also interested in expansion. All took to the sea. All desired a share in the trade of America and the Far East. All tried to break down the monopoly of Spain and Portugal. All made intrusions into the Caribbean and the South American mainland. Britons braved winds and ice floes in an effort to find a northwest passage. French, Dutch and English sea dogs plundered vessels and sacked towns all round the Hispanic American peri-

*1939. D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., New York City. 191 pp. $1.50.

phery. In defense, Spain adopted a commercial fleet system, formed a West Indian armada and walled her towns on the Caribbean coasts. The French intruded into Brazil, Carolina and Florida, but were effectively expelled. Raleigh attempted to found colonies in Carolina; his Orinoco project sent him to the block. Drake became a millionaire by plundering Spaniards, was crowned Great Hioh by the Indians near San Francisco Bay and talked of a New Albion in California long before there was a New England on the Atlantic Coast.

Then a new chapter opened. At the dawn of the 17th century North Europe and France began to found permanent colonies in the Caribbean and on the North American mainland. Being latecomers, they established themselves in the left-over areas. We Saxon Americans today may regard our respective countries as Promised Lands, reserved for God's chosen peoples. But our Saxon ancestors froze and starved in them primarily because their Hispanic contemporaries were firmly intrenched in the sunnier climes. The latecomers made vigorous and long-continued attempts to get a foothold on the long Atlantic seaboard of South America, but found the way blocked by the Portuguese. This is one of the chapters we forget.

In general, likenesses in the various colonial systems were more striking than differences, but in one respect the policies of the Latin countries differed essentially from those of the Saxons. The Latins considered the Indian worth civilizing and his soul worth saving. This was due largely to the influence of the Church. So in Brazil, Spanish America, and New France the missionary played a conspicuous rôle. There Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, Jesuits and other Orders labored on every border and founded missions and schools. The brilliant Parkman made widely known the heroic work of the Jesuits in New France. Less famous in Saxon circles is the equally heroic and vastly more extensive work of the Jesuits in Spanish and Portuguese America.

The revolt of 13 of the 30 British colonies laid the foundations not of one but of two English-speaking nations in North America. One was the U. S., the other the Dominion of Canada. Before 1776 Canada was mainly French. The settlers who now arrived made up the first large English-speaking element in the country. In the revolt of the colonies the people were far from unanimous. Only 13 of the provinces joined, though appeals were made to all. The Maritime Provinces, Quebec, the two Floridas, and the Island colonies, all stood by the mother country. Even in the 13 a third of the people were opposed to the revolution.

Under harsh treatment by the separatists, thousands of these loyalists

emigrated during and after the war. Going to Halifax became a well recognized pursuit. Some settled in the old Maritime Provinces and others in newly formed New Brunswick. Still others flocked to Upper Canada, the Ontario of today. So British Canada was largely Yankee in origin. These United Empire loyalists were Canada's Pilgrim Fathers.

Two American nations had been founded. But the revolution had only started. At the end of the 18th century only a small patch on the American map had won its independence from Europe. Portugal still ruled Brazil and Spain's power was intact all the way from Patagonia to the borders of Oregon.

A third of a century behind the English colonies those of Spain and Portugal arose in revolt. In the two cases there were similarities and contrasts. The causes were in many respects alike. In both movements independence was achieved through outside aid. The area involved in Hispanic was ten times that of English America, and the population several times larger. In Hispanic America there were vastly greater obstacles to united action than in English America. Mountains and distance gave more effective isolation. As a consequence there were separate revolutionary movements in the different areas and several nations resulted. By 1822, however, revolutions had been fought throughout North and South America and independence from Europe won.

It was these events that called forth the Monroe Doctrine and that make it intelligible. European monarchs looked askance at the large crop of American republics. After the overthrow of Napoleon, that mutual insurance society which at one stage was called the Holy Alliance was formed to restore legitimate sovereigns. It essayed this task in Spain and in Italy, and then discussed the reconquest of Spanish America. Just then Russia took an aggresive position regarding the Pacific Northwest. The czar declared the North Pacific a closed sea. In reply Monroe issued his famous dictum, denouncing further colonization of America by Europe and all plans to restore monarchy here.

When independence came to the U. S. and the loyalists founded British Canada, most of North America above Mexico was still in the raw. Spain's holdings north of the Rio Grande were mainly defensive and missionary outposts. Beyond these, the major portion of the continent was Indian country, still in the fur-trade stage. It lay in the path of several expanding peoples. It was a frontier of four empires each of which contributed its pioneers.

In this elemental process of shaping national zones the two English-speaking peoples moved westward side by side. In both cases fur men made up the vanguard. The U. S. frontier nosed

its way like a wedge between British America on the right flank and Spanish America on the left.

England and the U. S. arranged for joint occupation of the Oregon country, a 900-mile stretch from California to 54° 40′. But the British were in actual control. For nearly two decades Dr. McLoughlin, from Vancouver, the western capital of the Hudson Bay Company, controlled most of the fur business of the Pacific Northwest.

Everywhere west of Louisiana and south of 42° the American fur men were intruders on Mexican soil. Most of our American explorer heroes of the Far West, from Smith to Fremont, were in reality belated explorers of a foreign country. For a quarter century after 1820 these trespassers roamed the western wilds, profiting by the fur trade, and "discovering" the mountain passes which Spaniards had discovered long before.

The ultimate fate of the Far West was still in doubt. Spain was out, Russia had backed up to 54° 40′, but England, the U. S. and Mexico still had their stake. When the republic of Texas was created it, too, developed ambitions for a frontage on the Pacific.

The uncertainty was removed by the settler. Fur men and Santa Fé traders were followed into the alluring regions by land-hungry Americans. All that had gone before, all the colonial and international drama of the centuries, was the background into which fitted the relentless westward movement of the farmer frontier being pushed back.

Impelled by an expansion urge, Anglo-Americans drove a wide salient between Canada and Mexico, checking the expansion of one, and absorbing half the territory of the other. This madness for conquest has been called by our southern neighbors "the other side of the Monroe Doctrine."

Invited, Americans colonized Texas, arose in revolt, and sought annexation, alternating this ambition with dreams of possessing "the fine harbor of Monterey." Covered wagons creaked their way from the Middle West to Oregon; then England and the U. S. divided the disputed area.

Uninvited, and long before the Gold Rush, other covered wagons invaded California, still a part of Mexico; their occupants obtained generous land grants, and then, imitating the Texans, they set up the Bear Flag Republic. When something thus turned up, Fremont was on hand.

Uninvited, Mormons poured into Utah, also Mexican territory. Uncle Sam's soldiers and diplomats now supplemented the work of the settlers. Texas was annexed; Mexico went to war, and was forced to yield half her domain. The purchase of the Gadsden strip and of Alaska completed the story of Saxon territorial growth on the western mainland. The contest for the continent was practically over.

With a vision limited by the Rio

Grande, and noting that Spain's outposts within the area now embraced in the U. S. were slender, and that these fringes eventually fell into the hands of the Anglo-Americans, many writers have concluded that Spain did not really colonize and that, after all, she failed. The fallacy came, of course, from mistaking the tail for the dog, and then leaving the dog out of the picture. The real Spanish America, the dog, lay between the Rio Grande and Buenos Aires. The part of the animal lying north of the Rio Grande was only the tail. Let us first glance at the dog.

America was the gift of Spain and Portugal to Europe. They followed exploration by colonization. Only a small fraction of their pioneers in America spent their time running round the map. The vast majority were merchants, planters, ranchers, soldiers, priests and miners.

The gigantic sugar interests of Cuba today are lineal descendants of the 40 Spanish sugar mills that were being erected there in 1520.

Potosi, in upper Peru (now Bolivia), became the richest mining center in the world. In 1581 it had a population of approximately 120,000. Its wealth was astounding. This city alone spent $8 million on the celebration of Philip II's accession to the throne (1556). A dead emperor was worth less than a live king. Nevertheless, a little later Potosi paid $140,000 on Charles V's funeral obsequies. Prior to 1593 the Potosi mines had paid the tax of the royal fifth on $395 million of silver.

While the Spaniards were colonizing the West Indies, Peru, Mexico, Columbia, Chile, Paraguay and Argentina, the Portuguese were not idle. The vast coastal region of Brazil was carved into feudal baronies called *capitanias*. Sao Paulo, Pernambuco, Bahia and Rio de Janeiro became nuclei of European society in the 16th century. There, as in Spanish America, plantations, churches, monasteries, schools, and colleges were built; there poets, historians, and men of science lived and wrote. There were laid the foundations of what is now the second power in the Western Hemisphere.

In North America as elsewhere the Spaniards built up more than they tore down. They fashioned churches, monasteries and country mansions on every hand. The University of Mexico was founded in 1551, simultaneously with that of Lima, and soon its graduates were given postgraduate standing in the universities of Europe. Mexico City became the metropolis of European life and culture in all North America, a rank which it retained till near the end of the 18th century. In the days of the Inquisition and witch burning, not Mather of Boston, perhaps, but Siguenza of Mexico City was the first man of learning in the Western Hemisphere.

When the Englishman Thomas Gage visited the Aztec capital in the 17th

century he was impressed by its wealth and refinement, and especially by the number of its coaches.

Yet we say that Spain failed. But Spain and Portugal lost their colonies, someone reminds us. Yes, and so did England lose the best of hers. And the revolt of the colonies was the very best evidence of the real success of the mother countries in building up American commonwealths.

Washington and his associates merely started the American Revolution; Miranda, Bolivar, San Martin, Hidalgo, Morelos and Iturbide carried it through. England's loss of her colonies was the real mark of her success as a colonizer. By the same token, Spain's loss of her colonies was the best evidence of her success in transplanting people and civilization. Greater Spain is over here, and what a proud old mother Spain should be. Greater Portugal is over here, Brazil, and what a proud little old mother Portugal should be.

So much for the dog; now for the tail. Away up here in the Far North, thousands of miles from the Spanish centers at Mexico City, Guatemala, Bogota, Santiago, and Buenos Aires, lay the northern fringes of the Spanish Empire, the northern borderlands.

In the early years of the conquest this northern interior was a land of hope, concealing perhaps another Mexico or another Peru. It was a wonderland of romance, filled with figments of the imagination, suggested by misunderstood or jocose tales told by Indians who had a sense of humor or who wished to entertain their white visitors.

Like apparitions, Narváez and De Soto flitted through the vast region called *La Florida,* only to find watery graves. Coronado sought wealth and fame in Gran Quivira, and returned to Mexico a broken man. Cabrillo, trusting his fate to the South Sea waves, was lured to his death by the California Lorelei. These bold adventurers gained little wealth, but their heroic marches were by no means idle jaunts or wild-goose chases. They quieted for all time the extravagant tales of great cities in the North, and taught Europe an important lesson in American geography.

Sixteenth-century Spanish expansion, with minor exceptions, had been mainly economic and missionary in its urge. Settled Indians to exploit and convert, tropical plantations, mines, stock ranches, and commerce had been the lodestones leading to new frontiers. But already another factor had entered into the process, a force which became increasingly important with the passage of time until it became a primary motive to further Spanish advance to new areas. This factor was defense.

On her northernmost borders Spain suffered the onslaughts of French, Dutch, English and Russians, not all at once, but in successive clashes. Most

of her expansive energy north of the Gulf and the Rio Grande was expended to meet these incursions.

Fifty years of prospecting and rainbow chasing in *La Florida* (the Atlantic mainland) proved profitless to promoters and painful to many broken heads. Philip had just decided to leave *La Florida* to hostile Creeks and hellish hurricanes, when French intrusion forced his hand. As a result, the Peninsula was permanently occupied, Spanish outposts of defense were thrust up the coast to Port Royal, and momentarily even to Chesapeake Bay.

The new Mexico salient was only partially defensive in origin, but it was foreign danger that finally nerved Spain to take the deep plunge into the distant wilderness. New Mexico offered an opportunity to spread the faith, exploit Indian labor, and protect the empire. Ten years were spent in indecision. The defeat of the Armada gave the final scare, and new Mexico was colonized.

Now, like an athlete gathering force for a mighty spring, the frontier of settlement leaped 800 miles into the wilderness, from southern Chihuahua to the upper Rio Grande. Thither Onate led his colony with paternal care. Eighty wagons creaked their lumbering way across the grim, wide desert, and 7,000 head of stock kicked up the dust over the trail several miles wide. In the narrow but well-watered Rio Grande valley the colonists settled among the Pueblo Indians. Friars built missions, soldiers warded off attacks of relentless Apaches, and civilians founded a semi-pastoral society.

Another foreign head to crack popped up on the Texas horizon. Eager Franciscans, looking across the Rio Grande at the great "Kingdom of the Texas," had urged the king on. But he had no funds. Why must Spain be hurried? Ten thousand miles of actual settlements already gave her quite enough trouble and care. Then La Salle's colony intruded. Presto! Carlos roused himself, found money in another pocket, and hurried soldiers and missionaries to the border to hold the threatened land.

For half a century Los Adaes guarded the French border; then Louisiana was ceded to Spain. There was no French danger now. Forthwith, soldiers and missionaries, by government fiat, abandoned the border, though a few colonists held on. These defensive outposts had held Texas for Spain against French inroads, and they made Jefferson's later claim to Texas, as a part of Louisiana, historically unsound.

The Louisiana cession hurled Spain from the frying pan into the fire. Louisiana, like another baby, had arrived and had to be cared for. Spain must occupy the province or the oncoming English would seize it.

So, reluctantly, Carlos III took hold of the vast region called Louisiana. The French inhabitants, mourning the

old flag, started a revolution, but Don Alejandro O'Reilly gave his firing squad a little target practice and Spain was in the saddle. The East Texas military frontier was now abandoned. Defense was concentrated on the Mississippi, and soon there was a line of posts extending from New Orleans to St. Louis.

Louisiana was not Charles III's only frontier problem. Another emergency came when Russia threatened to extend her settlements down from Alaska. Carlos III was not a man who temporized, and he proceeded to occupy upper California. Square-jawed Galvez organized the expedition. Its immediate purpose was to hold the harbor of Monterey, for the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay had not yet been discovered. In command of the enterprise went Portola. At the head of the immortal missionary band was Junipero Serra, a man remarkable among all pioneers in American history.

With vigor the plan was put into execution. San Diego was occupied as a half-way base in the summer of 1769; a year later the flag of Spain floated over Monterey Bay. Between these two strategic points a celebrated chain of missions was begun. Meanwhile Portola discovered the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay. Anza now opened a land route from Sonora, and a year later, in a superb feat of frontiering, he led over the same trail 240 persons to found San Francisco.

The Russian threat had forced the Spanish frontier one long notch higher; the ubiquitous English now gave it another hoist. British traders began to swarm the waters of the North Pacific. Thereupon Spain extended California even to Nootka Sound (now in British Columbia), establishing there a slender presidio and a little mission. But England shook her fist, the cards were stacked against Spain, and she withdrew to San Francisco.

All these salients, *La Florida,* Texas, Louisiana and California, in origin were defensive outposts, and so they were regarded by Spain. To hold them she utilized especially her two typical frontier institutions, the presidio and the mission.

The presidio was a soldier garrison. It might be composed of ten men or 200, according to the need. Its function was to give military protection to its district, sending detachments out scouting, chasing Indians, ejecting intruders.

Beside the presidial soldier went the missionary. The missionary was an agent not only of the Church, but of the state as well. His primary business was to save souls and spread Spanish civilization among the heathen. The heathen were to be found on the frontier, beyond the established settlements. Here was the missionary's proper field of endeavor. As soon as his pioneer work among the Indians on one frontier was done, he was expected to turn

his flock over to the parish clergy and move on to a new tribe farther in the wilderness.

Slender though the Spanish outposts were, they left their mark deep on the land. The rule of Spain has passed; but her colonies have grown into independent nations. From Mexico to Chile, throughout nearly half of the Western Hemisphere, the Spanish language and Spanish institutions are still dominant. Even in the old borderland north of the Rio Grande and the Gulf, the imprint of Spain's sway is still deep and clear. The Anglo-American commonwealths that are their heirs have received from them a heritage with which they would not willingly part.

Our southern borderlands provide the historical background to our relations with Spain and Spanish America today. Born in international exigencies, and nurtured in race contacts, these fringes have always had vast international significance. International understanding is more than half a matter of tradition and psychology, and our national repute in Latin America and Spain even now is to a very large extent a reflection of history.

Half of our national territory was once a part of the Spanish Empire: only the fringes, it is true, but legally a part of it, just the same. The English shouldered the Spaniards out of Georgia and Florida. Napoleon, in violation of a solemn promise not to alienate it, sold to the U. S. the vast area called Louisiana, embracing two-thirds of the Mississippi Valley, and only tardily, grudgingly and by force of necessity did Spain acknowledge our title.

The U. S. took advantage of Spain's trouble with her colonies to round out her border on the Gulf of Mexico. Yielding once more to necessity, Spain ceded to the U. S. all her claims to Oregon and British Columbia, as a means of retaining Texas.

Americans settled in Texas with the full consent of Mexico, and by a perfectly legal process. Friction resulted, the Americans rose in revolt, set up a republic, and extended its boundary to the Rio Grande. It matters little to Mexican psychology, unless Mexicans are rightly informed, that the Americans had grievances. In the face of Mexican opposition Texas was annexed. The U. S. tried to purchase California, but Mexico refused to sell. Then purchase was made unnecessary; the soldier accomplished what settler and diplomat had left undone. The annexation of Texas eventuated in war; the price of war to Mexico was more than half her national patrimony. Then came the Gadsden Purchase, cutting off another slice, a bargain for which Mexicans still execrate Santa Anna. Finally, in 1898, the U. S. by means of war shook the last of the colonies from the Spanish tree, and part of them, Puerto Rico and the Philippines,

fell with a thud into our imperialistic basket.

I am not pretending here to assess or even to suggest the measure of merit or blame on either side in any instance. Wherever the balance may be, it is not surprising that Mexico remembers these border episodes. Through them all South America looked on, sympathizing with Mexico in her losses and wondering how far the process would go. Other factors enter in, but in trying to understand the Latin American attitude toward us, we cannot overlook the influence of the old Spanish borderlands, as the zone of contact, the scene of a long series of conflicts, ending in transfers of vast stretches of territory to the U. S.

Fortunately there is another side to the shield. For a drop of gall there are two drops of cordial. If these borderlands have left some unpleasant memories between two peoples, they are partly offset by the bonds of a common inheritance. The historical ties between the borderlands and Spanish America are strong and closely drawn. Our oldest traditions run back to Spain and Mexico. Our earliest heroes are also Mexico's heroes. As Spanish heroes they went to the "Far North." As our heroes they came from the "Far South." But their names, De Soto, Coronado, Cabrillo, De Leon, Onate, Anza, Garces, Escalante, are the same in either case; in the books read by their children and in the books read by our children.

Our great missionary heroes are their missionary heroes, Reynoso, Benavides, Ramirez, Casanas, Massanet, Margil, Serra, Crespi. A year ago the state of California chose two names to represent it in the hall of fame at the capitol in Washington. One name was chosen unanimously and without dissent: Father Junipero Serra. He is California's acknowledged hero. He is also Spain's and Mexico's hero. In Mallorca a monument commemorates him as a Spanish hero. In Washington a statue will commemorate him as a California hero. Some day there will be a statue of him in Mexico. Then these three monuments will symbolize the common heritage of Spain, Mexico and California.

The essential unity of the Western Hemisphere was revealed by the Great War. Every nation had to answer the question of participation or neutrality. Canada was in from the start; the U. S. moved more slowly. Until Uncle Sam joined the Allies, all Hispanic America held aloof.

Then, of the 20 states to the south, eight joined the Allies, five broke all relations with Germany and seven remained neutral. It is a significant thing that all America, from the North Pole to the South Pole, was either on the same side of the great struggle or remained neutral. There was emphatic Western-Hemisphere solidarity.

Full-time Job

Not as wise as Balaam's

By PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.
Condensed from *America**

Not long ago an ineffable ass in a cap and gown got up to address the graduates of one of our largest colleges for women. If I may credit the reports in the daily press, he does not believe that woman's place is in the home. Neither does anyone else with sense. Woman's place is where God wants her. But if I understand the professor, he thinks that a married woman's place in this world ought to be a sort of straddle. "Stay at home only half the time," he pleaded. "Don't look on wedded life as an exclusive, full-time, all-life, career."

I cannot help wondering if this commencement orator has ever clocked a real mother at work. If she can get through her daily tasks in 12 hours, then every hour must include the usual 60 minutes, plus an extra period or two.

At the moment I have in mind a group of children consisting of Jack, age four and a half, Mary Eleanor, two and a half, and Paul, who looks out on the world with wide unclouded eyes that first opened five months ago. Thanks be to God, all are healthy and, by consequence, two of them are noisy, and exceedingly inquisitive about this strange world in which they find themselves. It is a world full of mysteries for little eyes to wonder at, and little fingers to pry into, of wooden sticks which, properly treated, give forth a beautiful blaze, and of things in bottles and cases, the opening of which challenges their ingenuity. It is also encumbered by large persons whose ways are very strange, and not to be calculated.

In these three little ones we find, first of all, a sacred trust. Almighty God has put them in the care of father and, particularly, of mother. Provision must be made for their physical welfare. The mind, as it unfolds gradually, must be guided aright. They will take their places in the next generation as three citizens. Most important of all, they are three souls that have come from the creative hand of God. The first and most pressing of all duties resting upon parents, especially upon mothers, is to prepare those souls to live and work and suffer, and then go back to God, resplendent in His grace.

Is that a half-time career?

That home of Jack, Mary Eleanor, and Paul, is an all-day, all-night restaurant, hotel, laundry, and playground, court of final appeal, jury, probation office, catechism class, school for etiquette, church, and about anything else pertaining to human activity that

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Feb. 22, 1941.

you may care to add. It is a 24-hour job, and more. For it is a job that contemplates the future, and eternity itself.

At about six in the morning, Paul announces, in the only way possible to him, that he is hungry. He begins to yell. Roused by this announcement, Jack turns sleepily in his bed, and presently begins to wander about in his pajamas. The day has begun; a glorious day full of care and toil, but endless in opportunities for ministering to Christ's little brothers and sister. Then apartments must be cleaned. Even vacuum cleaners are not automatic, and in an experience that began on the wooded marge of Bank Lick Creek half a century ago, I have never encountered a dish that could wash itself, and then climb into the cupboard. In a way, life is a continual battle against matter out of place, particularly in a home with children.

After breakfast, do Jack and Mary Eleanor drop off to sleep? Not exactly. I do not know how many theaters there are in New York, but to amuse small children a mother needs more than the technical ability of all the managers of all of them. If you do not like a play, you can walk out, and then warn your friends against it. You do not sit down to weep, and with loud wails call on the manager to provide a better play instanter. But a mother must.

Let us take up another page from this chronicle of supremely important service. Children embrace the dirt of the earth by a kind of natural urge, as though they were striving to identify themselves with the element from which they were drawn. When they come in from play in the afternoon, custom demands that they be washed. Did you ever try to remove the grime from the face and hands, and back of the ears, of a small boy, trying to get the dirt off, and yet not abrade the tender skin? It is a chemical operation that calls for nice skill, and much patience. Did you ever try to induce excited children to eat their meals? Or calm them down, and put them, in pajamas, washed, and fed, and ready (you, that is, not they) for bed?

Night prayers have been said. Mother, father, uncles, aunts, the colored girl who comes in the afternoon, and toys, have been commended to God who will surely listen, remembering as Francis Thompson says, that His own Son was once a baby, stumbling over long words in His prayers. The children have been kissed and tucked away, hugging, respectively, an old rag doll and an airplane. The work of the day is done?

My capped-and-hooded man is wrong again. This work is like one of Henry Ford's endless assembling belts. For a mother, one day merges into another, and day and night, and time, are only words. She lives, as we shall all live in heaven, please God, in an eternal

present, occupied with taking care of the children. She must now look over the laundry, lay out the clothes and prepare, as far as may be possible, for the morning needs of the children. But is not Paul about ready for his last refection of the day? She glances at the clock. It is nearly ten. She must be ready for him on the dot.

Tonight, he seems to have some pain in his little tummy, and he cries. His mother leans over his crib to pick him up, all 18 pounds of him. A sleepy little head drops to her shoulder. He must be "burped." (If you do not know what that means be informed that he must be patted on the back. We elders take bicarbonate for the same purpose.) The day began at six in the morning. It is now after 11 at night, and that marks a 17-hour day.

"Don't look on wedded life as a full-time career," says this ineffable ass. I have often preached on forbearance to Holy Name gatherings, but when I hear talk like that, I almost regret that I cannot throw aside the counsel I have given on those occasions.

Star Before Dawn

Centuries before the blessed Virgin was born, a shrine had already been erected in her honor. This seems incredible, yet the ancient Druids of Gaul had set up in the dank shade of their "sacred groves" a wooden statue of "the Virgin who is to bring forth a Son." On the same spot where ages ago pagan priests raised a rustic altar, today stands the cathedral of Chartres.

Francis Grisez, S.M., in the *Apostle of Mary* (Feb. '41).

Gold Star Mother

A cloak on which are embroidered 620 stars, each star representing a second lieutenant killed in the Spanish Civil War, has been draped around the statue of our Lady of Anguish, patroness of Granada.

Before leaving for the front, the members of the Military Academy of Granada had their stars embroidered with gold thread taken from the statue's cloak, with the promise to give back the stars if they died. The promise has been kept, and the new cloak just completed by the nuns of Santo Domingo carries the stars of the 620 who lost their lives.

The *Ceylon Catholic Messenger* (10 Jan. '41).

Bomber-made Co-ops

By BERTRAM B. FOWLER

Jap air force bites air

Condensed from *Free America**

A new order is rising in China. It is decentralism in industry as some of us have dreamed of it in America.

For centuries China had been the happy hunting ground of Japanese, British and American exploiters. From the industrial regions of the coast went the flood of cheap trade goods to be exchanged for the raw wealth of the interior. To these factories came the dispossessed peasants to become wage slaves. The old guild systems of China decayed and fell apart.

Then Japanese armies landed, tanks rumbled, bombing planes droned overhead and the slaughter began. Before the tide of invasion fled the growing army of refugees; the homeless, starving army, by conservative estimate, 60 millions. The refugee horde was a cross section of coastal China. In the fleeing multitude were artisans and factory workers, a reverse sweep of the tide that had for years been flowing into the industrial areas from the land.

With them went the technical experts and executives, men who had been trained in Ford factories at Detroit, university graduates from technical schools, engineers, chemists and teachers. Some of them, men who had had experience with cooperative techniques in various parts of the world, carried the germ of an idea. Foremost among them was Rewi Alley, a New Zealander who had spent 16 years in China. He had been chief factory inspector in Shanghai and had served on relief and flood committees.

Out of the discussions of Rewi Alley and those who rallied around him, emerged one fact: it would be useless to try to repeat the industrial pattern of Shanghai in the interior of China. Even if the factories were built they would become targets for the Japanese bombing planes. So in the minds of these men was born the idea of guerrilla industry, industry that should spread over the whole of China with nowhere a single plant big enough to make an easy target for a bombing plane. Also, the plants were to be so small that the blasting of one would not affect the pattern of the whole.

In fleeing from the industrial slums of the coast, the refugees were retreating toward the hills rich in raw materials, coal, iron, manganese, tungsten, wolframite. From these hills came wool for the looms of Shanghai. Here is the rich China the surface of which the exploiters had hardly scratched.

The stage was perfectly set for a real experiment in decentralization. The essential technical skill was in the

**112 E. 19th St., New York City. February, 1941.*

army of the refugees, technicians and artisans trained by foreign exploiters. Underfoot lay the raw materials necessary to industry.

Out of the planning emerged the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives; a plan with a fixed resolve and purpose behind it. The pioneers had the blessing and support of the central government and the financial underwriting of Dr. H. H. Kung, minister of finance, of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

There was another important asset. While the industrial monopolists with their cheap trade goods had all but destroyed the old Chinese guild system, they had not erased the memory of it nor the natural belief in it. And the industrial cooperatives fitted perfectly into that setting.

In Shensi province an organizer found a group of wandering blacksmiths. Each had a few of his tools left and all were looking for work. The organizer got them to pool their tools and start the first cooperative.

In a refugee camp another organizer found a group of women who knew something of spinning and weaving. With these few women a spinning and weaving cooperative was formed. Those who knew how taught those who did not.

All across the sweep of China, from the wild hills of the Northwest to the agriculturally rich Southeast, the organizers found printers, weavers, mechanics; artisans of all types. They organized them into groups and started them to work. Gold washing cooperatives were formed to take alluvial gold from the rivers, to bolster Chinese currency and finances. Mining cooperatives were set up to take coal, iron and tungsten out of the hills. From the coal, others produced coke for the foundries. In one place was native iron and good iron sand. The experts improvised methods to use these in machine castings.

In one section a chemist tackled the problem of sorely needed laundry soap. The cooperative then functioning could get no more caustic soda. But near by was a supply of sodium carbonate. When the expert was through, the cooperative was turning out caustic soda with a by-product of blackboard chalk for the educational cooperatives.

The guerrilla fighters of China know what C. I. C. connotes. For the tiny front-line cooperatives work with them as they fight. There is, for instance, the tiny mending cooperative, formed by soldiers' wives, which follows the army and mends clothes for the soldiers. There are hundreds of little knitting, tailoring and shoemaking co-ops that work with the roar of guns in their ears. They make shoes, coats, socks for the soldiers, using small portable hand machines. When a Japanese column approaches, the Chinese guerrilla fighters warn the workers, who march to the next village, there to put

down their machines and start producing again.

Behind these front-line industries is the wider belt of slightly larger cooperatives, working in cellars, caves, deserted temples. They are turning out blankets on their looms, cloth for uniforms, candles, towels, shoes, belts, soap, and hundreds of common necessities. Back of these, in turn, are the heavy industry co-ops making the spinning wheels, looms, shoe machinery; all the hand implements that the front-line cooperatives are using.

Against this decentralized industry the Japanese bombers are powerless. There are not enough bombing planes in the whole world to wreck the system. It is too widely scattered, too elusive and well hidden. The bombers do occasionally find an odd unit. With the roar of the bombs still in their ears, the cooperators rush out to fight fires and clear away the wreckage, salvage what they can and shift it to a new location where they start producing more.

The industrial cooperative system has spread all over China. Just a short while ago there were more than 2,000 units. Today there may be over 3,000. Months ago these cooperatives were turning out 250 commodities. It will be more now, for the technicians are working day and night, discovering new methods.

When a machine comes in from outside, blueprints are made immediately and the machine copied. A new technique worked out in one district is quickly passed along to all by the central organization. Through the central organization, and the five regional headquarters, flows a continuous stream of trained workers. A school system trains artisans while it teaches the decentralized cooperative technique.

This has become big business in a true sense. There are cooperatives so organized that orders for thousands of overcoats or uniforms are filled in a few days. One order from Mme. Chiang Kai-shek for 10,000 padded overcoats and 10,000 suits of underwear was completed in 15 days. A million blankets were woven for the army in 1940. No one knows how many more were woven and sold to the civilian population.

As the movement grows and spreads it faces a multitude of problems. Foremost is that of securing capital: to organize units of production calls for an outlay of money. But the average cost of forming a cooperative is only about $7 per member; for $7, a man is provided with a permanent job that will support a family of five.

Cognizant of the basic importance of the movement, the central government has allotted to it all available funds. Money from friends in Great Britain, Australia, the Philippines, and the U. S., has accelerated the growth of the movement.

One of the main problems lies in the

future when the guns have fallen silent and the Japanese have gone home. Then the cooperatives will be faced once more with the competition of cheap trade goods. Rewi Alley and those who work with him are facing this problem squarely. They are concentrating more and more on the enlistment of engineers and technicians, working out plans and techniques to make the cooperatives economically sound in the face of any competition.

Chinoiserie

The Chinese compass points to the south.

The men wear skirts and the women wear trousers.

The dressmakers are men, the women carry the burdens.

The spoken language is not written; and the written language is not spoken.

Books are read backwards and footnotes are inserted at the top.

White is used for mourning; bridesmaids always wear black, and, instead of being young maidens, are old women.

The Chinese surname comes first. They shake their own hand instead of the hand of the person introduced.

Vessels are launched sidewise; and horses mounted from the off side.

Chinese begin their dinner with dessert; end with soup and fish.

The *Cowl* (Feb. '41).

Crooked little bridges give security to a Chinaman in his garden. For although a Chinese devil is a frightful monster he is totally incapable, poor creature, of walking anywhere except on level ways. A Chinese bridge with a hump in its back leaves myriads of devils gnashing their teeth in vain on the wrong side of the water.

Max Brand in the *American Weekly* (12 Jan. '41).

The story is told of an old Chinese who always bowed when passing the Catholic church. The pastor, noting this, said to him one day, "Old Uncle, how is it that you who are not a Christian always bow when passing our church?"

"Oh," he replied, "I believe in my gods well enough, but I'm not taking any chances. I make a bow, just in case!"

The *Field Afar* (March '41).

Art Thou a King Then?

By PIERRE L'HERMITE

Divinity on trial

Condensed from the *Irish Daily Independent**

Relics associated with the Passion of our Lord have survived the vicissitudes of 19 centuries, and are venerated in various parts of the world. Rome, as one would expect, possesses many of them; but Paris boasts of one of the most precious, the crown of thorns.

In the Gospel story we are told that when Christ was on trial for His life the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, asked Him, "Art Thou the king of the Jews?" The divine Prisoner, answering indirectly, assured him in a meek but emphatic voice, "My kingdom is not of this world." This strange reply startled the governor, who questioned Him again, this time in a less domineering but more insistent manner, "Art Thou a king, then?" Christ replied, directly this time, that He was a King, and detailed the nature of His kingdom: "Thou sayest that I am a King. For this was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice."

Judged by human standards, the claim of Christ under the circumstances was the height of folly. Reputed to be a workingman's son, He had claimed for Himself an extraordinary mission. True it was that He had preached sublime doctrines and had done many wonderful things. But for that very reason He incurred the wrath of the Jews and the suspicion of the Romans, and even now in His abject condition, as a lone and friendless Prisoner, He still continued to assert His title to kingship. His stubborn attitude gave His Roman guards their opportunity. They dragged Him to their barracks and forced Him to sit down. Then they threw a ragged purple cloak over His shoulders, thrust a hollow reed into His bound hands; and, platting a crown of thick sharp thorns, they pressed it on His head. When He was thus arrayed with regal garment, scepter and crown, they passed before Him, one by one, and with shouts of ribald laughter genuflected mockingly, exclaiming, " 'Hail, King of the Jews.' And they gave Him blows."

After our Lord's resurrection, His friends lovingly collected the objects associated with His sufferings and death. These were jealously guarded by the Christian community at Jerusalem for the first three centuries. Though many of the early ecclesiastical writers do not mention the crown of thorns, we have a chain of witnesses giving us reliable testimony about it. St. Paulinus of Nola (d. 431) mentions

**Middle Abbey St., Dublin, Ireland. March 21, 1940.*

it in a letter written about 400. After the year 500, witnesses become more numerous. St. Germanus of Autun (d. 576) says that he received one of the thorns when on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, as a gift from the Emperor Justinian. St. Gregory of Tours (d. 594) tells us that the thorns used to be shown in various places to satisfy the devotion of the faithful, and that they were sometimes seen to sprout again. From this testimony we can conclude that some of the thorns were by this time detached. In 798 or 802 the Empress Irene sent Charlemagne several thorns, which he donated to the cathedral at Aachen; and when Pope Leo III consecrated this edifice eight thorns were mentioned as being amongst its treasury of relics. Some of these thorns were subsequently distributed to the rulers of different countries.

The original crown remained in the chapel at Calvary until 614, when it was carried off by the Persians who invaded Jerusalem in that year. Some time later, however, it was restored, and the Patriarch St. Sophronius, who visited the Holy City in 630, states that he saw the crown there together with other relics. His testimony is corroborated by St. John Damascene (d. between 754 and 787). For the following four centuries, Jerusalem held undisturbed possession of the sacred treasure. In 1063 it was transferred to Constantinople and deposited in the chapel of the imperial palace. This we learn from a letter written by Emperor Alexius I to Robert of Flanders in 1101. When the Crusaders captured Constantinople in 1204 they found the crown in this chapel, and Emperor Baldwin I sent one of the thorns to King Philip Augustus of France. His successor, Baldwin II, being sorely pressed for money, mortgaged the precious relic to the republic of Venice, but subsequently offered it to King St. Louis IX of France in order to win support for his fast declining empire. This king (Louis) redeemed the crown for the enormous sum of 160,000 francs (about 4,000,000 francs in modern currency) and ordered it to be brought by Dominican friars to Paris. Amongst the friars charged with this holy task was Blessed Bartholomew of Breganze, who obtained possession of one of the thorns for which he had a special chapel erected at Vicenza, where it is still devoutly venerated. When the procession with the crown reached Villeneuve, the king, with a large retinue, met it and accompanied it to Paris, where the entire population reverently welcomed them eight days later. What a colorful picture it must have been to see the saintly monarch walking barefoot at the head of the procession carrying his divine Master's crown resting on a cushion in his hands!

The crown was placed temporarily in the chapel of St. Nicholas in the cathedral of Notre Dame, the king, commissioning the famous Pierre de Mont-

ereau to erect a chapel worthy of it within the precincts of his royal palace (which later became the law courts). Within a few years this Sainte-Chapelle, as it is still called, was completed. A magnificent structure, it is considered a perfect gem of Gothic architecture. It has had a checkered history down the centuries especially during the various revolutions. From 1249 to 1791, while it uninterruptedly housed the crown, the chapel was the center of intense devotion. At the approach of the civil disturbance in 1791, King Louis XVI ordered the crown to be taken to the abbey of St. Denis. Two years later the revolutionists laid sacrilegious hands upon it and, after melting down its precious shrine, confided the crown itself to the care of one of their number, scoffingly describing it as "an object destined to foster superstition."

During the early years of the Revolution it passed through many hands and finally found its way into the National Library, where it lay broken in three pieces until 1795, when the Abbé Cotterel succeeded in getting possession of one of the pieces. Ten years later a Monsieur d'Astros secured the other pieces and the crown was reconstructed. A commission set up by Cardinal de Belloy declared its authenticity and, in 1806, it was exposed once more for public veneration. In August of that year it left the Sainte-Chapelle for the last time, being carried in solemn procession to Notre Dame, where it remains to the present day. The Emperor Napoleon I, provided it with a precious reliquary. Another, of rock crystal and jeweled silver, was wrought for it in 1896.

In many places throughout Europe thorns said to belong to the crown are venerated, but many of them cannot be authentic. It may be that they are replicas of the original thorns, or they may have touched one of them. Thus, in course of time they no doubt came to be popularly accepted as authenticated.

The subsequent story of the Sainte-Chapelle is not without interest. Desecrated by the revolutionists in 1791, it was first used as a club, then as a corn store, and for many years afterwards as a safe place for preserving legal documents. In 1837, King Louis Philippe decided to restore it to its pristine splendor and engaged the services of the most competent workers. The expenses of the scheme ran into 2,000,000 francs. During the orgies of the communards in 1871 it had a marvelous escape, for when all the buildings around it went up in flames it was preserved intact. Shorn almost entirely of its religious significance, the chapel is now a national monument. Standing in the midst of the busy law courts, it still raises its head towards heaven, a sad but inspiring reminder of the days when the faith in France was vivid and strong.

Animal Actors from A to Z

Mother Hubbard in Hollywood

By JAMES F. SCHEER

Condensed from *Extension**

"Cut! Cut!" roared the director. Cameras and sound shut off abruptly. "What's the matter?" asked the paunchy assistant director.

"Matter!" shouted the director. "Look at those elephants! Look at their ears! They're Asian—Asian elephants in an African jungle picture!"

Sure enough, the animal actors were Asian and had the typical short ears of that breed. Such a mistake, small as it may seem, might have made the film company a target for barbs of ridicule wherever men, women and children pay admission to see movies.

Irate, the director melted telephone wires. He needed African elephants, and would the property department send some out immediately? It couldn't, but it did the next best thing. It asked the studio special-effects division to make gray, rubber ear attachments. In a short time, the Asian elephants found themselves African to the ears.

A few years ago, another studio, the Twentieth Century-Fox, had animal troubles in the picture *Suez*. The script called for dromedaries, one-humped camels, and most of Hollywood's assortment have two humps. Ingenious property men transformed real camels into dromedaries by keeping one hump hidden with baggage.

Around Hollywood, there is always a way. Oscar, the gentle bull snake, often plays a venomous cobra with a specially fitted cap that changes his appearance and personality. Sammy, the eagle, veteran of many pictures, used to be subjected to similar disagreeable roles. A few years back when vultures were scarce around filmtown, Sammy had to stand by quietly and let his master give him an undignified haircut so that he could play the part of a scavenger bird.

But Shorty, the dog, had it somewhat better; he was disguised in a fox skin. Shorty was Hollywood's closest approach to a wolf in sheep's clothing. The pelt fitted snugly with a zipper under the belly.

Speaking of double-duty dogs, there are some good-natured Great Danes who are changed into vicious tigers within a few minutes by means of tiger skins. Usually, however, tame jungle animals play their own roles.

Queenie and Sally, young lady elephants who have never dieted, had to submerge their personalities for odd assignments in the Hal Roach prehistoric picture, *1,000,000 B. C.* They, who earn their hay and peanuts in the Frank Whitbeck circus in spring, summer, and fall, and who winter in California,

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. March, 1941.

decided it was worth $400 a week to act in the movies. But at the time they didn't realize that they were going to be woolly mammoths and wear scraggly hair overcoats and metal tusks.

Misery loves company even on a movie set. And Queenie and Sally found it in Billy, the goat. Mr. Billy, trained in the gentle art of butting, had to suspend his talents, wear a suit of hard rubber armor and false sharp horns over his own, in order to play the part of a Triceratops, a prehistoric, boar-like creature.

However, it is only when Hollywood or its environs cannot produce a certain animal on demand that studio technicians and wardrobe workers remodel their subjects to fit screen stories. Ninety-nine times out of 100, one of the three main sources of animal actors can fill any request. Circuses wintering in California, zoological gardens, and private animal owners rent out everything from trained fleas to tough-hided rhinoceroses and deliver them to the studios in nothing flat. Most elephants, leopards, monkeys, and lions come from circuses. But zoos and private owners also rent them out.

When Jack Hinds, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's animal-casting director, needs a certain creature for a production, he flips the pages of his little black, alphabetical notebook that lists thousands of animals and other properties and the names and addresses of their owners.

Lionel Comport, dean of animal renters to studios, has been supplying farm creatures for more than 27 years. For $50 a day he rents out a small barnyard full of animals: ducks, chickens, a cow, and a horse. He specializes in natural-enemy creatures, such as dogs and cats, which he has trained to be friends.

Curley Twilford's trade motto is "anything on wings." And that really means anything: pigeons, ducks, eagles, hawks, vultures, sea gulls, condors, and even rare, trained falcons. Ada Moore, formerly with the Al G. Barnes circus, supplies the twistingest, hissingest snakes that ever slithered across the silver screen.

Mme. Olga Celeste specializes in jungle cats. Nissa, her leopard who spread terror in *Bringing Up Baby,* is a jungle version of Ferdinand the Bull. It loves perfume and will not harm a soul who smells like a bed of roses, sweet peas, gardenias, or lilies of the valley. The only trained black panther in the world is Midnight, who belongs to Mme. Celeste. Midnight went on a rampage once and half clawed his mistress to death. After eight weeks in the hospital, Mme. Celeste re-tamed her panther and tutored it for picture work.

Rennie Renfro, Karl Spitz, and Henry East, the big three among dog fanciers, rent out the cleverest canines in films today. Each has more than 50 trained dogs. Renfro's Daisy, who appears mainly in *Blondie* pictures, is al-

ways in demand and can ask a steep salary. Henry East's Skippy, whose screen name in *Thin Man* pictures is Asta, is another of the Hollywood ace dogs.

A few of the studios, Paramount, for example, keep a stock of animals on their ranches. Samson, the mule which appeared in Bob Burns' *I'm From Missouri,* and Wofford, the razorback pig that nosed around the Hawaiian sets in *Waikiki Wedding* and played a small role in *Mountain Music,* are now living on Bob Burns' farm.

Preparing animals for a screen career is far from simple. That is one reason why the most intelligent animals command such high salaries as $1,000 a week. Not only does it take years to train animals, but it takes money to house and feed them, and tedious hours of repeating to teach them to answer cues. Since talking pictures began, silent hand cues have been substituted for verbal commands.

Another reason salaries are so high is that work is not regular. Sometimes an animal may not be called in for picture work for months at a time. Imagine feeding an elephant, a rhinoceros or even a St. Bernard dog for 365 days a year. It is a full-time job to groom, exercise, and instruct these creatures daily. Still, the $1,000 that Slicker, the seal, who played in *Spawn of the North* and *Fisherman's Wharf,* earns every seven days he works is not exactly chicken feed.

Rin Tin Tin, famous German police dog, made $1,500 and more a week while with Warner Brothers. He succeeded in amassing over $1 million for his master, Lee Duncan. Buster, Rennie Renfro's dog, who could read instructions to "sit down," "stand up," "jump on a chair," "play dead," and scores of other commands printed on cards held up by his master, earned $1,750 a week while in the "barkies." Today's top-notch canines are in much lower income brackets.

As in every other business, supply and demand control prices of animal rentals—either nose-diving or rocketing them. Of the $275,000 a year spent to hire birds, animals, and reptiles, smaller salaries naturally go to partly-skilled or unskilled laborers. And they generally work on a day-to-day basis.

Camels earn $25 to $30 a day; soft-butting billy goats often get $25. Missouri mules who boot viciously have nothing to kick about; they collect $20 at the cashier's window each workday. Horses that can fall to the left or right without getting hurt, often make $30 a day.

Crocodiles and alligators generally total $7.50. Chattering monkeys for African jungle backgrounds get $5, which is also the lowest wage for unskilled dogs.

Animal-casting directors usually discourage people throughout the country who write about the merits of their pets and ask for roles in movies for them.

"In the first place, most birds, dogs, or what-have-you that amateur pet educators own can only do tricks when food rewards are dangled before their noses," explains Jack Hinds. "Movie animals do their work on command. In the second place, home-trained pets, even if they do happen to get a test in Hollywood, go flooey before strange people and under the burning-hot klieg lights on the sets. They get the jitters and can't do a thing."

Occasionally a home-trained pet gets a big chance in films today; then because of lack of education and restraint in movie performing it creates comedy uncalled for in the script. This is what Smokey, French poodle of Paramount's Claudette Colbert, did during the filming of *Midnight* some time ago:

It seems that Director Mitchell Leisen asked Miss Colbert, starred with Don Ameche in the picture, to give her poodle a chance to act. Knowing that Smokey was temperamental and a friend of anybody he liked, she hesitated but finally gave in at Leisen's insistence. The script called for the butler to bang Ameche on the head with a panful of kidneys. The butler raised his pan of kidneys. Wham! It landed on Ameche's head. Smokey launched himself at the butler and clenched his teeth around the cloth that was once a portion of his trousers. By this time the butler was hanging on a near-by chandelier.

Every day animals and birds come to Hollywood in trailers, trucks, and limousines. But few ever make a go in films. Supply is usually far greater than demand.

Yet there are new faces. Recently Big Boy, a 640-pound Siberian black bear, made his film debut in *Untamed*. He won his part because he could wrestle with someone other than his own master and not get reckless with sharp claws or become overaffectionate with a hug.

Another brainy bear, Carmichael, broke into film prominence in the Jack Benny picture, *Buck Benny Rides Again*. He is a white polar bear who is talented to the nth degree. Paramount conducted a nationwide search before it found him in a small Connecticut town. Stardom is on the horizon ahead of him, as well as for Elsie, who became the cow sensation of *Little Men*.

Only when studios haven't certain types of animal actors will they search for new talent. It is hard for the amateur trainer to crash filmtown with his educated pets because already the Hollywood assortment of animals is almost as complete as the one Noah assembled in his ark. There are kangaroos that punch like Joe Louis, mynas that recite poetry, penguins that clap their flipper-like wings, all models and makes of tame snakes, trained fleas, and every talented creature down through the animal alphabet from alligators to zebras.

K. of C. Army of Blood Donors

Blood without a price

By JACK DE CHANT

Condensed from the *New World**

While Europe sheds its blood in the cause of war, an unsung army in America is giving its blood in the name of mercy.

Against the day when an airplane crash or an auto accident sends an ambulance careening back to the hospital with its harvest of broken bodies, this army stands ready. Its constant fight is with disease and death. Catholic or Protestant, anyone who is in need of the rich, warm blood that keeps life in the body will find the Knights of Columbus Blood Donors' group in Illinois ready to answer the call.

It all began in Chicago on a sweltering night in August, 1938. A hurry call came to the chapter office where the K. C. Softball League managers were holding their weekly session and 35 huskies rushed out to St. Luke's Hospital to be "typed." The wife of one of their members was in immediate need of a transfusion and there was no blood to be had at the hospital. Walter H. Skarzynski, catcher on the Illinois Council team, was found to have the necessary Type 4, and gave the transfusion, with no bad after-effects.

Soon after this act of mercy, was born the Blood Donors' idea which, in less than two years, spread through the nation: to the Canal Zone, Alaska, the Philippines, wherever the Knights of Columbus has council units.

There is no fee, no honor, no praise given to the thousands of K. C. men in America who donate their blood. It is just their expression of Catholic Action. Besides saving human lives, their work has saved patients many thousands of dollars and has been a means of bringing many fallen-away Catholics back to the faith.

The K. C. Blood Donors were not the first to give their blood in transfusions. As early as Aug. 2, 1899, the Chicago daily press carried a story on how John M. Morrissey gave a transfusion to former Judge Richard Pendergast. Walter Skarzynski does not claim that he was the first member of the order to give blood to another, but it was his transfusion that gave impetus to the formation of the first organized group of blood donors in Chicago.

The local Fort Dearborn council was the first group in the order to make real progress in the Blood Donor movement. Its Past Grand Knight, Robert W. du Mais, organized a sizable group, attracting the attention of Judge John F. Bolton, state deputy of the Order for Illinois. Judge Bolton then commissioned Du Mais to organize council

**109 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Feb. 14, 1941.*

groups throughout Cook County and the entire state.

More than 200 transfusions have been given by the Chicago K. C. Blood Donors at an estimated saving of more than $10,000 to the recipients just for the cost of the blood alone. Most dramatic of the recent activities of this K. C. group was after the airliner crash at the Chicago airport. It is a matter of public record in this case that at least two lives were saved by the K. C.'s because blood was obtained for the victims with a minimum loss of time.

The process of becoming a blood donor is rather simple for the knights in the local councils. When a Blood Donors' unit is formed, the members are "typed" by doctors from the nearest hospital. They are classified according to the four general "types" which are standard variances in the human blood.

The data on each number are then filed, with information on how to reach the donor at any hour of the day or night. Also recorded are the number of transfusions and the dates they were given. This is to protect overzealous members who might want to give several transfusions within too short a period of time. After each pint of blood is given, doctors advise that the human system be allowed at least three weeks' rest to build up a new supply.

Whenever the papers or radio report a serious accident, plane crash or fire, with injuries involved, the alert council chairmen call the nearest hospital to offer the services of their groups if any transfusions should be required.

Originally the Blood Donor movement was started as a service primarily intended for members of the Knights of Columbus and their families. This is no longer the case. It has been extended to all those who are not able to pay the fee for professional services or to those on whom such a payment would work a hardship. In emergency cases, no one is refused.

The donor is never allowed under any circumstances to accept gifts or fees for his work. Whenever the patient or relatives insist on a gift, they are asked to send it to the council, marked for donation to some worthy charity.

Nationally it has been reported that Blood Donor groups of the K. C.'s have donated well over 2,500 transfusions with an estimated saving to patients of more than $55,000 which would have been paid for professional blood donors' services. A special emblem of honor has been conferred on all members of the Blood Donor group by order of the Supreme Council. It is a lapel button in red, blue and gold with a heart surmounted on a cross bearing the legend "K. of C. Blood Donors."

The movement, as it operates in Chicago and nationally, is not intended, nor is it allowed, to compete with professional blood donors. Contributions to "blood banks," now in use in many medical centers, are out because both

the knights and the medical profession agree on the primary importance to the patient of a transfusion of fresh, warm blood. Whenever emergency demands, K. C. Donors are allowed to contribute to a "blood bank," but in the main the donors are expected to remain in the "walking blood bank" class.

State Deputy Bolton in a statement on the movement said, "The K. C. Blood Donor activity has progressed so rapidly in the state that we are amazed at the proportions to which it has grown. Yet why should we be surprised when we take into consideration that it is Catholic Action in its broadest form and the practice of charity as our religion teaches us to practice it? It is the agency through which many have been brought to a realization that there are people in this world who are willing, and do help their fellow man in his hour of need, and who do it without thought of remuneration.

Ψ

How To Get Rich

Robert Minor, secretary of the communist party, was born in San Antonio of a well-to-do family and was, at one time, one of the best-paid cartoonists in the newspaper business.

The trade-union movement is conspicuous for the leadership it has developed right out of its own ranks. On the other hand, the communist party, which pretends to be a labor movement but which is merely a totalitarian political and economic affair, has always been conspicuous for the number of leaders it develops from among the sons of the rich. It has received millions of dollars in help from such sources. Now its active dictator, the chief stooge of Stalin in the U. S., is a man from a rich family who has earned and could earn big money.

When will the poor learn that the entire Red movement is one of outright exploitation? Those who control a Marxist system of society, like Stalin in Russia, have access to wealth never before available to any human being. Any man who has absolute economic control is sure to be a dictator. Communism of its very nature must inevitably lead to dictatorship and to unlimited wealth for the few.

The *Register* (9 March '41).

Return of the Vanishing American

By AL LAUGHREY

No birth-control Americans

Condensed from *Columbia**

Some political wiseacre once said something to the effect that we should "give Maine and Vermont back to the Indians." It is axiomatic that many a truth is spoken in jest, and it looks as though the political jokester's remark was generously sprinkled with truth. Not that any move is going to be made to return those two specific states to the Indian. But if the American Indian continues to increase in number, it will be necessary for the Great White Father to return millions of acres of land to a race that is rapidly expanding.

It has long been a popular misconception that the American Indian is dying out. The general public has entertained a sort of hazy idea that within a few decades the Indian will be nothing more than a romantic memory, with a few of his flint arrowheads and bright feathers preserved for posterity in museums.

Indian population figures, compiled by the U. S. Office of Indian Affairs and the Bureau of Census disprove the popular belief. The American Indian is the fastest growing single racial group in the nation. There are today approximately 352,000 Indians scattered throughout the country, in some 200 tribes or bands. Forty years ago they numbered only 270,000. These figures do not include 30,000 Aleuts, Indians and Eskimos who make up 50% of the population of Alaska. The Indian is expanding at the rate of about 1% per year, while the general population's increase is only about .7%.

What has happened to cause the American Indian suddenly to stop disappearing from the face of the earth? The answer does not lie in any one specific statement, but there are a few definite factors which have shaped this movement. Most noticeable among them is the work being done by the scores of U. S. Indian Field Service agencies.

Broadly speaking, the Indian agency serves as a combined health service, financial adviser, legal counselor and Father confessor for the majority of the third of a million Indians in the nation. There are 80 such agencies at strategic points throughout the U. S. and Alaska. About 8,000 government workers in these agencies and in Indian office headquarters in Washington are working in behalf of the native Americans. Thirty million dollars is allotted in the budget each year for the maintenance of the headquarters and its numerous agencies.

Just what the Indian agencies are doing for a once sadly neglected people

*45 *Wall St., New Haven, Conn. March, 1941.*

possibly can be most clearly defined by comparing their current status with their existence a few decades ago. In 1862 Secretary Stanton described the administration of Indian affairs as a "sink of iniquity." The secretary was putting it mildly. President Lincoln, always the champion of the downtrodden, declared that he would not rest until the Indian system had been reformed.

In the abstract, the Indian had given the White Man new crops, such as tobacco and corn, mineral and oil laden lands, and valuable native lore. In return, the Indian had received the horse, the gun, which was used oftener to kill off opposing tribesmen than to harm white men, tuberculosis, trachoma, smallpox and a wide assortment of bad habits, outstanding among them the drinking of whiskey.

Indians were ruthlessly driven off any land that appeared at all valuable. Sometimes payment was made for the land; but very often the acquisition was outright thievery. The Red Man suffered terribly from disease which never existed before the advent of his paleface brethren. It was not uncommon to find an entire tribe of 10,000 wiped out by an epidemic of smallpox.

The admirable work being done by the Indian agency of today is the direct result of the Reorganization Act. Since the act's inception, not one single law has been passed that has taken anything away from the Indian against his will.

The staff of the average Indian agency consists of at least one doctor, nurses, an agricultural agent, and a fiscal adviser as well as a regular office staff. In areas where Indians possess large timber holdings, a forestry staff is maintained to guide them in timber sales and reforestation activities.

Since the Indian is still a ward of the government, all his land holdings are kept in trust. Therefore, the agency is a sort of central clearing house on all transactions involving the land holdings. One or two agencies also must handle oil lease checks which are the result of the sale or lease of valuable oil lands belonging to tribesmen. It may appear on the surface to be a bit arbitrary, this matter of the Indian agency acting as overseer in all financial transactions. However, the Indian admittedly cannot cope with the shrewd commercial sharpers of the present day. If he were allowed free rein in unsupervised commercial dealings, in no time at all the Red Man would be left holding the proverbial sack, and little more.

There is a tale they tell around the Indian agencies of Oklahoma to show that the Indian does not yet possess sufficient business acumen to deal with his white brothers. At the time of the first Oklahoma oil boom, so the tale goes, a certain chief owned some valuable oil property. He was approached by an oil representative from the city.

The oil representative put forward a

plan whereby his firm would lease the oil lands and give the chief one-fifth of all profit derived therefrom. After a day's consideration, the chief replied, "Nope. One-fifth profits ain't enough for me 'n squaw. Gotta have one-tenth."

Nevertheless, the Indian is gaining business knowledge every day, and eventually should be able to handle his problems without aid from the government or anyone else.

In the 388 Indian day and boarding schools in the U. S. and Alaska, Indian children are taught to weave baskets, shape pottery, and follow other native pursuits, as well as participate in curricula designed for any average American school child.

At least partially responsible for the Indian's declining death rate and upward population trend is the Field Service doctor. The doctor usually maintains headquarters at the Indian agency or a near-by sanitarium. With his staff of nurses, the doctor cares for the health needs of his area and isolates patients who might transmit contagious diseases that could cause an epidemic. In a recent three-year period the Indian death rate was lowered by 12%.

Tuberculosis has been the major disease of the Red Man, but it is gradually being diminished. The present tuberculosis rate is between 2% and 4%, and the Indian's resistance to the disease is about the same as the general population's was about 50 years ago.

Just as important as health and education is the self-respect which is gradually returning to the American Indian. This return of pride and self-confidence is due largely to the self-governing powers restored through the Reorganization Act.

No longer are the Indians prohibited from banding together and taking collective action. Instead, the government fosters tribal councils which elect their own leaders, judges and official representatives. These tribal councils have nearly complete autonomy and the right to veto Indian-agency edicts. Numerous tribes have incorporated and can borrow lump sums from federal agencies for agricultural and cattle ventures.

Just how seriously Indians are taking this policy of self-government can be seen in a report which recently reached the desk of Indian Commissioner John Collier in Washington. The report told of an Indian who had been appointed tribal council judge. To celebrate, the judge imbibed some forbidden fire water. The following day he was so overcome by a feeling of remorse, and perhaps a touch of hangover, that he sentenced himself to ten days and demanded his own resignation!

As a result of ancient bureaucratic entanglements, the modern Indian agencies are still unravelling property tie-ups involving their charges. Characteristic of these entanglements is a case cited by Commissioner Collier in

a report to the House Appropriations Committee. The case showed that probate and administrative costs on a piece of Indian-owned land were 70 times greater than the value of the property itself.

The government holds in trust, land holdings totaling 55 million acres. On paper, this land is worth about $1½ billion. When all the antiquated bureaucratic tangles are straightened out, the American Indian should be better off than he is today. The per capita Indian income in 1937 was an estimated $161. By 1950 it is hoped the figure will more nearly approximate the average American income.

The recent conscription act brought a new problem to the fore at several Indian agencies. One northern tribe refused outright to sign up, maintaining that they had signed a treaty years ago which forbade them to take up arms either for or against the U. S. In the Southwest a group of Navajos came to conscription headquarters bedecked in war regalia, wanting to know where the war was to be fought. They were distinctly disappointed when sent back home without having been granted so much as a single war whoop.

Among the daily routine tasks of the Indian agencies is the arrangement of fishing expeditions in many territories. Each year at Celilo Falls on the Columbia River hundreds of Yakima Indians are brought in by agency superintendents to lay up winter supplies of salmon. The natives usually return with enough fish to last them the year round. The majority of states exempt the Indians from the game and fish laws.

The progress being made by the American Indian is certainly not what could be called phenomenal. Long years of neglect cannot be overcome instantaneously. But there is little doubt that the Red Man is better off than he was at the turn of the century. Nor is there much doubt that he will be still better off at the turn of the next century. The program of the Indian Affairs office will see to that.

Ψ

Beginnings.. XXIII...

OHIO

First priest: Father Armand de la Richardie, S.J., at Huron Mission near Sandusky in 1738 or 1739.

First Mass: Probably by Father de la Richardie.

First known Baptism: By Father de la Richardie in 1739.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

Miss "Weatherman"

By FLETCHER D. SLATER

She knows her cumuli

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

A vivacious, brown-haired girl with eyes of Irish blue glanced out of the window of the Municipal Airport in Lincoln, Neb. A two-place open-cockpit biplane, circling down from 12,000 feet, landed gently on the runway. Its pilot, almost a youngster, climbed wearily out and made for the airport building.

"Hello," he said. "This is the airways weather station?"

"That's right," said the girl cheerily. "Looks like you've been flying above the clouds."

The young pilot nodded, his face burned red by a day's high-altitude flying.

"Look," he said. "Where's the weather observer?"

"I'm the weather observer," she said, pretending to ignore his amazement. She thumbed the sheaf of teletyped weather reports. "Too bad," she commented. "Raining nearly all the way from St. Joe. Ceiling 500. You'd better hold off, unless you can get on the beam."

The flier shook his head, still staring at her. "No radio in my crate. You, you mean you're really the weatherman here?"

She laughed. "That's official. Excuse me. There's the phone. 'Airways weather station. Wind, southeast, 12; maximum temperature, 48; present, 41; no precip. You're welcome.' "

There, startling in their contrast, are the two extremes in a working day of Betty Walsh, airways weather observer at Lincoln, Neb.: high adventure, circling down like a feather from the clouds, and a prosaic telephone call for the latest weather report.

The pert Irish lass, who scarcely looks even her 23 years, is a general favorite with the air traffic making Lincoln. After three years in her present post, she can size up the weather with anyone on the line, and read the teletype hieroglyphics like headlines on the morning newspaper. She's tops at her trade.

"But I didn't know girls ever filled this job," I protested.

"Neither did I," she admitted with a merry laugh, "until I asked."

Before graduation from Lincoln High in 1935, Betty attended a convent school in York, Neb., to the 6th grade, and an Iowa public school through the 8th.

But in August, 1937, her father became the Lincoln Municipal Airport manager. Christened William Richard, he is known only as "Mike," and is as Irish as they come.

**1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. March, 1941.*

Late that summer the Airways Weather Bureau selected the municipal airport to house their new station. Betty got her father to inquire if a girl could be a weather observer. One official scouted the idea; another said there was nothing in the constitution against it.

So Betty began to get ready. She took an intensive course under the University of Nebraska's meteorologist. The United Air Lines man at the airport office gave her a lot of private coaching.

And when the appointments were made, Betty Walsh was one of the three regular weather observers named! She started work the day the new station opened.

She's been on the job ever since, taking shift and shift with the men. Although the station has been transferred from the department of agriculture to the department of commerce, the policy remains unchanged: "We never close."

Between duties, and eagerly, as if glad to find someone who shared her interest in her unique job, Betty showed me what weather observing involved. Hourly readings of anemometer for wind velocity, wind vane for direction, barometer for air pressure, rain gauge or depth of snow for precipitation, wet and dry thermometers for temperature and dew point.

"And every six hours," she explained, "come more complete observations: summaries of precipitation, determination of ceiling, detailed sky conditions, with wind velocity and direction at 5000 feet."

Then, with the readings gathered, Betty puts them into code on the teletype machine. This machine has a typewriter keyboard, but writes only capital letters, numbers, and special code symbols to indicate wind direction, cloud formations. A report looks like a jumbled telegram with Indian picture writing thrown in.

Instead of printing, the sending machine perforates a paper tape in certain patterns. Then, sharp at 35 minutes past the hour, Betty feeds the perforated ribbon summarizing her station's hourly report into the transmitter. This gadget picks up the message held in those perforations and ticks it off to the 35 stations on the "line."

Betty has to keep on top of this mass of information as it pounds in unceasingly. The thudding teletype receiver is never quiet for more than a few seconds. Frequently she must tear off the printed roll, cut it into manageable lengths, and file it for the use of anyone wanting weather information concerning any of the 35 points.

It's no bed of roses, this being weather observer for Uncle Sam. Betty has found that out. But she's still in love with her job.

The amount of information she needs at her fingertips is staggering.

She has to be on intimate terms with 34 different kinds of cloud formations, at low, medium, and high levels. She is mechanic, mathematician, meteorologist, and communications expert, rolled in one.

"Don't you get awfully sleepy," I asked, "during the night shift?"

"Terribly," she admitted. "But you just *can't* go to sleep. And," she added loyally, "I wouldn't trade for the swellest office job in the world."

The great freeze that gripped the Midwest on Armistice Day, 1940, nearly finished Betty, she admitted.

Ordinarily, for cold weather she wears fleece-lined boots, weatherproofed ski suit, and lined-leather jacket with a hood. But caught by this sudden drop, she was inadequately clothed. She had to go out to take four important readings at the instrument shelter. The icy wind, blowing 45 miles an hour, slammed her down the glazed walk to the shelter and froze her fingers as she cranked the hygrometer fan and jotted down readings.

Finally she made the station by crawling. The telephone rang. She picked it up. The instrument fell from her fingers. For a second, she felt like quitting. Her fingers had needles in them for a week.

"I'm scared stiff of tornadoes," added Betty cheerfully. "The closest we've had was a 65-mile-an-hour wind that roared out of the west. It blasted the station doors open, shattered the inside waiting room doors, and turned the office inside out. I don't like high winds."

There are lighter sides, of course; women who call for her weather data, for example, before hanging out their clothes, or sending Junior off to school. The fascinating people, too, who drop in out of the skies, more than make up for any hardships.

"I've met fliers from every state in the Union, from Europe and South America," said Betty, her blue eyes glowing. "There's something about it that gets you."

Rotating shifts make even church attendance and recreation difficult. But as regularly as possible Betty goes to Mass at St. Mary's cathedral, where she is a member.

Her favorite hobbies are swimming and horseback riding, skating and reading. Radio listening is well-nigh impossible on the job, due to the teletype's everlasting *unk-unk-unk*.

Her own flying is casual. Her first flight came as a seven-year-old, in York. "I was disappointed that it wasn't more thrilling," she recalled.

She has plenty of offers to go up. The CAA maintains a cadet training school at the field. Something like 100 young men are turned out every eight weeks, most of whom move on to Randolph Field.

But there's always the job. And Betty is still in love with it.

America Entertains Its Children

Preview of oblivion

By H. C. McGINNIS

Condensed from the *Preservation of the Faith**

Anyone living in the year 2000 A. D. who should make a study of our public entertainment for the past few years might decide we were a nation of morons. Should he, for example, see flashed on the screen the 115 movies which were studied by the Committee on Educational Research under the auspices of the Payne Fund, films from the offerings of 1929-1932, he would see 54 murders, 49 felonious assaults, 17 holdups and 21 kidnapings. He would see 71 persons meeting violent deaths and 406 crimes committed, with 43 more falling somewhat short of consummations. Four hundred and forty-nine crimes in 115 pictures is really packing them in. When our statistics revealed to him there were 30 million juvenile admissions to the movies every week, he would probably wonder what kind of people we were trying to produce. Should he decide that the majority of parents were morons, trying to perpetuate a moronic race, he would be badly mistaken; for a study of entertainments shows that any given theme is first the product of a group and becomes an expression of the popular mind only after it catches on definitely. Although the movies are being cleaned up somewhat, thanks to the Legion of Decency and other organizations, there is still much which bears close watching and calls for action.

Just prior to the Golden Age in Greece and directly producing it, we find the intellectuals trying to influence the theme of public entertainment. We see them putting on theatricals without a profit motive to educate the masses to a higher appreciation of the arts. Fortunately for that period in Grecian history, the themes caught on with the public. Later we find public entertainment themes impaired by a popular love for art, poetry and drama. In pagan Rome we see another phase of the situation. Here are Roman imperialists staging bloody orgies to divert the public mind from foreign aggressions and the home government's shenanigans. Unfortunately for Rome, the public soon adopted depravity as its public expression.

When Hitler came to power, he dominated the choice of themes used in entertainment. In movies and theatricals the *hausfrau* was always depicted staying close to the kitchen stove, slaving for the numerous little goose-steppers who were, with other neighborhood children in a near-by field, taking mass instruction in self-abnegation to the state. The hero, of course, always

**Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Md. February, 1941.*

subordinated himself to the totalitarian idea, also proving as he went along the unquestionable supremacy of the Nordic and the utter worthlessness of the Jew. In the course of a few short years these totalitarian themes had caught on, especially with the younger generation which had never seen much else, until now it is doubtful if a Nazi can be interested in any entertainment production which does not bear out the totalitarian doctrine.

Although sex and crime had been creeping into American movies for some time, the complete rightabout-face from morality didn't occur until the depression. In 1929 the producers seemed to forget completely that ideal expressed by Will Hays when he took over umpiring the movie industry, "We must have toward that sacred thing, the mind of a child, toward that clean and virgin thing, that unmarked slate —we must have toward that the same sense of responsibility, the same care about the impressions made upon it, that the best teacher or the best clergyman, the most inspired teacher of youth would have." Certainly the pictures produced from 1929 to 1938, crowded with crime, glamorized gangsters and gangsters' molls, seduction and an intimate study of mating instincts, were a long way from what Will Hays expressed as the movies' goal. Were these themes the ones demanded by parents for their children? The answer lay in that institution which has been so frequently a demoralizing factor in American life, Big Business.

Pictures had become the world's most glamorous industry, tossing around $100,000 checks as if it owned the mint. Profits were inviting, so Wall Street got in. When the financiers got through with Hollywood, the financial structures of some companies were far beyond the comprehension of the average person. In addition to their corporate financings, many producers gave short-term notes to the bankers. When the depression came on with cyclonic suddenness, the piscatorial-eyed gents with the large girths demanded their pounds of flesh in a hurry. They called in the producers and told them to make money somehow or go through the stone crusher.

The producers racked their brains. They remembered that a large percentage of films sold abroad dealt with sex and went over big. The producers decided to create a market for this type of film in the U. S. Their setup protected them. Local movie houses had to show what was furnished.

From the very outset, protests were heard; but the depression helped the producers. People wanted to "get away from it all," they wanted "escape." The biological urge became the great American study and was frankly depicted on the screen. Girls were chosen for pictures simply for the outlines of their bodies rather than their talent.

Brains in actors meant little if they had hair which would take a marcel.

As in all other cases, the new sex and crime themes were introduced by a small group, but, fortunately, they haven't as yet become a public demand, mostly due to the increasing efforts of Catholic organizations. What might happen if these themes aren't entirely squelched is too awful to contemplate. It wouldn't take long to wreck our American civilization should our coming generation and its immediate successors grow up with the idea that a bedroom is the only essential room and that crime always pays a much higher reward than virtue.

The case had become serious, for almost everyone realizes the convincing powers of the movies. Governments admit they are excellent means of influencing and controlling public opinion and have frequent recourse to them. Psychologists tell us that approximately four-fifths of all that goes into the brain enters through the eyes. What the children see at movies has a most excellent chance of overbalancing the teachings they hear.

By 1934 the Legion of Decency had begun the fight in real earnest and the battle was on. Naturally, all the producers were not evil-minded. Some were forced by stiff competition to follow the trend. In fact, as early as 1922, some producers had established a self-imposed censorship, arranging to preview their pictures before certain groups interested in decency. But the professional profit takers nullified the censorship. The battle against immorality and indecency has been sharp but not short, for the legion didn't get the producers to agree to a better censorship until 1938 when a different kind of picture started to come out. Biographical pictures of interesting people, historical pictures and the like which combined education with entertainment were released. Strange as it may have seemed to the producers, they were liked by the public, proving that depravity is not a public demand but a concoction coming from other sources. Many of today's pictures are again featuring talent instead of body curves. Characterizations of men who have influenced humanity for betterment now walk across the screen instead of gigolos.

There remains much mopping up to be done. Millions of boys and girls have acquired a taste for sexy pictures. This taste becomes ingrained through scores of so-called comic magazines which depict fantastic and unbelievable adventures of murderers, gangsters and racketeers. With a weekly distribution of millions of copies, these "comics" join the millions of copies of sex trash which influences the minds of the young and creates a desire for entertainment still more depraved.

Because they are so potent in giving impressionable minds of youth the wrong ideas of moral values, smart law

enforcement officers read these "comics" regularly to anticipate the activities of the boys and girls who drift into crime. Unless trashy reading is checked the women of the next generation may clothe themselves in transparent garments. Walking as we know it may become a lost art, for the men of the future may slither along stealthily, even when on the most upright of missions.

This is no overpainted picture. J. Edgar Hoover says: "The publication and distribution of salacious material is a peculiarly vicious evil. The destruction of moral character caused by it among young people cannot be overestimated. The circulation of periodicals containing such material plays an important part in the development of crime among the youth of the U. S."

Not all of the comics are filthy and many of them do not depict crime; but far too great a number do offend. After all, there is much more to life than machine guns and ballet costumes.

Filth, sex and crime are like a bad case of boils: when checked in one place they break out in another. Eliminate them from one form of entertainment and they enter another. The remedy, as in boils, demands a thorough systematic cleansing. Immoral movies and trashy publications must walk the plank if we expect our chosen way of life to continue, for world history proves conclusively that a nation's progress is clearly indicated by its entertainment.

Planetary Orientation

One day in chapel, Louis XIV, the "Sun King," was astonished to note that only a handful of people were present instead of the huge congregation that ordinarily attended. Moreover, the people seemed completely absorbed in their prayers and unaware of the king's presence.

The king remarked upon these facts to Fénelon, his chaplain. "Ah, Sire," replied the old priest, "I think I can explain that fully."

"Pray do," said the king.

"Well, Your Majesty, I made the announcement this morning that you did not plan to attend chapel today. I thought you might be interested in learning which of your subjects come to worship God, and which ones to flatter the king!"

Kermit White in *Coronet* (March '41).

Soviet Humanitarianism

Flossy lies flat workers

Condensed from *La Liberté**

Some people imagine that under the influence of international complications the Soviets are fast humanizing themselves and drawing nearer to Western civilization. It is a mistake. The latest decrees deprive the workers of the right to change their work, and give the state the right to dispose of all qualified workers and technical personnel at its own discretion, without exception of age or sex.

The new laws specify in particular that personal convenience and distance are not to be considered; any worker can be sent anywhere and for any length of time. He may be accompanied only by his wife and smaller children, while parents and grown-up children must stay where they are. Another decree, which was promulgated Oct. 10, annually wrests from their families a million children aged 14. These children, in the terms of the decree, must be "supplied" by the communes, to be trained at the state's expense in special boarding schools, and, until the age of 24, must be at the exclusive disposal of the authorities. Thus in ten years the Soviet Union will theoretically dispose of 10 million specialists, exclusively belonging to the state and free from all family ties.

The Soviet Union, far from showing any signs of coming into line with any other agrarian system existing in the world, is doing its best to render the peasants' life unbearable, at any rate for those who still cling to their preference for their own farms. The taxes of these "pariahs" of the communist régime amount to 40% of their harvest and one-third of their cattle. A farmer who possesses one cow must deliver to the state an amount of meat equivalent to one-third of the cow's weight, under penalty of having his cow confiscated. If he owns a dozen cows he is then automatically classed as a kulak (middle-class peasant) and the authorities consider it their duty to level him to the poverty of the state farmers. If he makes difficulties, he takes the road to Siberia.

The conditions of workers and peasants are regulated by laws and decrees, but in the religious and moral field the position is mainly determined by the arbitrary whim of the authorities. For instance, in religious matters the law guarantees freedom of worship, but of the 50,000 churches of all denominations that existed before the revolution, barely 100 are left. To avoid being treated as "non-workers," or deported to Siberia, priests must do regular work; but as workers, they may be

**Fribourg, Switzerland. As reprinted in the* Tablet. *39 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4, England. Jan. 25, 1941.*

sent anywhere by the local Soviet, which seizes the first opportunity to get rid of them.

Although the authorities have officially inaugurated the return to family life, parents find it impossible to bring up their children, since working conditions compel the joint participation of father and mother in very hard work.

The same discrepancy between theory and practice is noted in matters of public education, trade, art and science, and though methods are continually being altered, the Soviet system remains ever the same system of repression.

Americana

Henry James engaged a young typist who was so fast on the typewriter, "she would shoot his sentences on the wing, br-r-r-r, like a machine gun." One day he realized her typing was getting faster and faster; his pauses in dictation, longer and longer. The great philosopher looked over her shoulder, and was horrified to find that while mechanically taking down his deathless words, the girl was lost in the enchantment of an absorbing novel by sob-sister Marie Corelli.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* (Feb. '41).

The newspapers published in the "Wild West" some 50 years ago were nothing if not original in their obituaries. Here is one such notice:

"Jake Moffatt Gone Skyward. As we feared on hearing that two doctors had been called in, the life of our esteemed fellow citizen, Jake Moffatt, ebbed out on Wednesday last. Jake was every inch a scholar and a gentleman, upright in all his dealings, and ran the Front St. Saloon in the very toniest style consistent with order. Jake never fully recovered from the year he spent in the county jail at the time of the Ryan-Sternberg fracas. His health was shattered, and he leaves a sorrowing widow and nary an enemy."

The *Liguorian* (March '41).

The Holy Shroud and Art

Sermon in cloth

By EDWARD A. WUENSCHEL, C.SS.R.

Condensed from *Liturgical Arts**

The greatest art the world has ever seen was inspired by the tremendous mystery of the Incarnation and the Redemption. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," expressing Himself in terms of human nature, sharing the lot of a fallen race, assuming the burden of its sins, and sacrificing Himself on the altar of the cross. It is an overwhelming drama which stirs the soul to the depths and challenges all man's powers of expression. The effort to catch something of the divine mystery in the mesh of painting and mosaic, in chaste marble and chiseled wood, has enriched the world with the masterpieces of Christian art. It is above all the Christ of Calvary who has fascinated the artist and inspired his noblest works, for on Calvary the mighty drama reached its climax and the union of divine and human in Christ manifested its most sublime and most tragic form.

Along with its unending appeal, the artistic portrayal of the suffering Christ involves a number of exceptionally difficult problems. It is not only that the sublimity of the subject outstrips the boldest flights of genius and defies the most masterful technique; the artist must also face certain factual and historical questions which hitherto have hardly ever been satisfactorily settled.

First, what did Christ really look like? Art has adopted a definite type which everyone recognizes as a representation of Christ, but is this a true likeness? Most of those who have studied this problem say it is not. At least there is no assurance it is based upon an authentic oral tradition or an accurate written description.

Then each phase of the Passion raises a special problem for the artist. How was the crown of thorns arranged on the head of Christ? What kind of scourge was used and what was the nature of the wounds it inflicted? What was it that Christ carried to Calvary, the complete cross or only a part? At what precise points were His hands and feet pierced by the nails and what was the position of the body on the cross? Was it the right side or the left that was pierced by the spear? How were the sacred remains enveloped in the graveclothes?

All these questions are decisively answered by the holy shroud, the long linen sheet venerated as the burial cloth of Christ in the *Cappella Santa* at the rear of the cathedral of Turin. Modern science and scholarship now assure us that the two life-size figures upon that sheet are really the imprint of the

**300 Madison Ave., New York City. February, 1941.*

front and the back of the dead Christ. The marks of the wounds are there with the characteristics of the different types of wounds, showing how the head was punctured by the thorns, how the sacred flesh was bruised and lacerated by the scourge, how the shoulders were chafed by their ominous burden, how hands and feet and side were pierced. There, too, is the blood, transferred to the cloth in the precise form in which it had flowed and clotted on the surface of the body during our Lord's agony.

Apart from these details, the imprint taken as a whole is a marvelously exact negative image, so that the photograph of the imprint, transforming this negative into a positive, reveals the appearance of Christ as He looked to the faithful few in the last sorrowful moments when He was laid in the tomb. Through that photograph the centuries are annihilated and Christ rises again in His true likeness from His winding sheet, presenting a permanent tableau of each scene of the drama of Calvary as it was portrayed upon His own bleeding flesh.

Those who are not familiar with that unique imprint and with the many-sided research of the Commission of the Holy Shroud may be inclined to be skeptical. To them it may seem too good to be true that we possess the genuine burial cloth of Christ with such a complete, richly detailed picture of His martyred body. However, this is a question of fact and it is to be decided, not by what may seem to be an antecedent improbability, but by the positive evidence for the authenticity of the shroud. One need only study this evidence with an open mind to realize how conclusive it is.

The imprint of the face on the shroud is a rather dim brown stain which seems to be nothing more than a flat, expressionless sketch; but the stain is graduated so perfectly in relation to the different parts of the face that the image which it yields when photographed is surprisingly complete and realistic.

The clean-cut, forceful features are framed by a luxuriant growth of hair which falls in thick locks to the shoulders. The broad brow, slightly marred by an irregularity of the imprint, bears the emblems of a sad royalty in the trickles of blood and the punctures from the crown of thorns. The frontal arches curve gracefully over the well-spaced eyes, which are closed as if contemplating an inner vision. The long, aquiline nose is thrown out of line by a swelling at the bridge. There is a swelling also over the right cheekbone and the marks of bruises on both cheeks, bearing mute witness to a reckless buffeting. The mouth is partly concealed by the moustache and the two-pointed beard, while the lower lip protrudes slightly as if with the last sigh.

Such are the physical features. The

spiritual content of the face, its character, its personality, is in strange contrast with the traces of brutal ill-treatment. It is a majestic face, but its majesty is shadowed by a great sorrow and softened by an air of calm repose. It is the face of Christ in death, yet it seems to be transfigured by a latent life, as if an unquenchable fire still burned within. And there is so much more that cannot be put into words: a suggestion of hidden depths, of fleeting, half-glimpsed meanings, which impart an atmosphere of mystery and sacredness. Paul Claudel has, I think, voiced the dominant impression felt by those who contemplate this face with some degree of spiritual insight. "In that image," he says, "we see the majesty of the God-man, and in the presence of that majesty we become profoundly conscious of our complete and radical unworthiness. There is something overwhelming in those closed eyes in that masterful countenance which seems to bear the impress of eternity; something that pierces the conscience like a thrust of the sword to the heart; something so awful and so annihilating that our only means of escape is to bow down in adoration."

To this I would add the following reflection of Pierre Mornand, speaking in the name of art, "At last we may gaze upon the face of the Martyr-God as it looked when He was interred, and prostrate ourselves before it to admire or to worship. There will always remain to art the marvelous faculty of interpretation."

The evidence on the shroud introduces an entirely new element into the question of the Christ-type in art and makes it necessary to revise the opinion, hitherto so widely accepted, that we have no means of knowing whether that type is at least an approximate likeness. Though there are endless variations, the Christ of art resembles more or less closely the Christ of the shroud, which is the equivalent of a direct photograph. It is probably correct to say that the artistic conception of the human appearance of Christ was not originally derived from any reliable oral tradition or written description. For about four centuries artists did not even attempt to draw the real portrait of Christ. They were content with the figure of a beardless, short-haired youth which had only a symbolical significance. Taking the Greek conception of Apollo or of Orpheus as their model, they intended to put into visible form the idea that Christ is the ideal man and the Good Shepherd who leads men captive by the charm of His doctrine and His grace. Then came the transition to the Oriental conception of the mature, bearded, long-haired Christ which has become the traditional type of art and is generally regarded as an attempt at real portraiture.

For nearly six centuries artists refrained from portraying the crucifixion of Christ. This was a practical neces-

sity, due to the abhorrence and disgust with which crucifixion was regarded by the people among whom it was practiced. After crucifixion was abolished by Constantine, it still took about three centuries to overcome that reverential restraint to the extent of representing Christ living and triumphant on the cross, clad in a robe of glory and wearing a royal crown. In the 11th century artists ventured to be more realistic, but the complete realism of the crucifix as we know it did not make its appearance till the 13th century and it was developed principally in the West. The individual stations of the Way of the Cross became subjects of art at a still later date. By that time the technique of crucifixion and of the accompanying torments had been forgotten. Artists were guided mainly by popular beliefs and by their own imagination and esthetic taste. It is not surprising that they adopted certain errors which have become traditional. These errors can be corrected by studying the shroud.

It is only on the brow that one can discern the marks of punctures from the thorns, but the many trickles of blood show that the "crown" was rather a network of thorns covering the head like a cap or helmet and reaching as low as the base of the skull. The flow of blood was impeded at certain points about the middle of the head, suggesting that the thorns were held in place by a band like the circle of rushes preserved as a relic of the crown of thorns at Notre Dame in Paris.

The lashes of the scourge left long welts and cuts across the top of the shoulders and around the legs. Most of the wounds of the scourging, however, were contusions shaped like a dumbbell. At the back they extended from the shoulders almost to the feet, while others appeared on the chest. From the form and the grouping of all these wounds Dr. Vignon has reconstructed the scourge: a whip with three lashes, each weighted at the end with two round pieces of metal or bone. It was these weighted ends that caused the many wounds shaped like a dumbbell. From archeological data Dr. Vignon proves that the Romans actually had a scourge like the one he has reconstructed from the imprint.

At the back of both shoulders there are the traces of a severe irritation which occurred after the scourging, for in that area the wounds of the scourging were subsequently fretted and aggravated. This was certainly caused by the carrying of the cross, but it could not have been a complete cross borne in the manner usually portrayed in art, for the wounds at the top of the shoulders were not affected nor do these parts show any other sign of friction or abrasion. What is indicated is that Christ carried only the transverse beam, laid across the back of the shoulders with His arms outstretched and bound to the beam. Sur-

prising as this may seem, there are many contemporary witnesses of unquestionable authority who testify that this is what the ancients meant by the expression "to carry one's cross." The upright stake was fixed in the ground beforehand at the place of execution. Often the transverse apparatus borne by the condemned was a double beam confining neck and arms like a pillory, but the imprint shows clearly that Christ carried a single beam. It follows that He was not merely assisted by Simon, but the entire burden was transferred to the shoulders of the Cyrenian, who then walked behind Christ carrying the crossbeam alone.

The nails were not driven through the palms but through the carpal area, as was demanded by the anatomy of the hands. It takes no more than ten minutes for nails driven through the palms to tear through the flesh to the roots of the fingers. It would have been highly impractical to drive the nails through the palms where there would have been very little resistance to this terrific pull. On the shroud, the wound at the back of the left hand, which is crossed over the right, is located in the solid bony mass of the carpus. Here a large nail can penetrate easily and sustain a much greater tension than was actually present in the case of Christ.

Not a few artists have departed from the common practice and placed the nails more or less correctly in the wrists: Rubens and Van Dyck repeatedly, Alonso Cano, Van der Weyden, and several anonymous artists of the Renaissance. Many such works date from an earlier period, among them an ancient wood carving at the Franciscan novitiate in Amiens, an ivory crucifix in the palace of the bishop of Ghent, and an ivory crucifix in the Sala del Tronetto of the Vatican.

The end of the shroud was folded over the feet (to a level about halfway to the knees) making it possible for the bloody soles to leave their imprint. This shows that the feet had been crossed and pierced with a single nail. The left foot was placed over the right, which rested directly against the upright stake. According to Dr. Barbet, the nail passed through the space near the middle of the instep. The opinion that the feet were placed side by side and nailed separately is based upon a misinterpretation of certain texts, and upon the early crucifixes which represent Christ as standing on a pedestal, because the purpose was to stress His glory and triumph rather than His sufferings and humiliations. This pedestal was later modified into a slanting footrest, but there is no historical authority for either form.

It was the right side that was pierced, the lance entering between the fifth and the sixth rib. The blood followed an irregular course, due apparently to the prominence of the ribs and the rigid muscles.

The shroud itself was obviously the

principal part of the graveclothes. There was also the chin band binding up the lower jaw and interrupting the imprint at the top of the head. Other cloths, placed at both sides of the head, supported the two long strands of hair which would otherwise have fallen below the level of the face. Thus, too, the limp sheet was prevented from coming in contact with the sides of the head and was kept at a comparatively even plane over the face. There was also something like rolls or packets of cloth lying at the feet and pressing the end of the shroud against the soles, for only in this way could the shroud have received so definite an imprint of these parts. All this, as well as the fact that the body was not washed or anointed, agrees with the hasty, provisional nature of the burial of Christ as described by the Evangelists. The idea that the body of Christ was swathed like a mummy is contrary to the sacred text and to the burial custom of the ancient Jews.

Clenched Fists Over Christ

Hitler's final form of weakness will prove, for him, the most dangerous of all. It is not a moral but an intellectual weakness. It is the strange conception that all evil is forgotten, that evil deeds bear no fruit, and breed no consequences. This frame of mind is essentially a defiance of the gods, and if our present foolish and exasperated enemy had not lost touch with German tradition he would know that those who challenge the gods are lost.

Hilaire Belloc in the *Weekly Review* (16 Jan. '41).

No one hates Caesar, or Napoleon, or Genghis Khan. Why not? Because hate dies when the object hated perishes. Men no longer clench their fists over a Bismarck or stand guard over the tomb of a Nelson. But they do still clench fists over Christ. They say He is dead, but they set watch over His "tomb." They say He is as helpless as a babe, but Herods still send out their soldiers to kill the helpless Babe. The truth is they hate because they believe—not with the living faith of the Christian, but with the faith of the damned. Their hatred is but their vain attempt to despise. They hate only because they were meant to love.

Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen in the *Catholic Mirror* (Feb. '41).

Revolution in Ireland

But they *can* rule themselves

By THOMAS HARTE

Condensed from *Our Lady of Perpetual Help**

Were the ghost of Oliver Cromwell to ride again today through the four provinces of Ireland, he would doubtless be a bit astonished. We may presume with certainty that Oliver would have little stomach for the changes there, unless three centuries of meditation have radically affected his way of thinking. His own views on the Irish he epitomized in the conquering war cry of his armies of long ago, "To hell or to Connaught." And to his everlasting credit as a ruthless warrior he pretty nearly realized his wish. Riding on his ghostly charger through Irish towns and villages today, he would see sights and hear things strange to him. Those acres of upturned sod in preparation for the spring sowing, those thousands of tiny cottages popping up like mushrooms everywhere, the shrill blast of mill whistles, the tireless hum of factory machinery, the busy traffic of the market places, were no part of the Ireland he left behind him. The Ireland of the Irish, despite the efforts of Oliver Cromwell, of his masters and his disciples, is a thriving, thrifty little nation which has far outgrown the boundaries of Connaught.

To discover the beginnings of this new Ireland which Cromwell would find so strange, we need go back no further than the elections of 1932. Then it was that the Irish people put Eamon De Valera and his government into power. The radical changes in the life of the country are, for the most part, of his making. The principles which form the foundation of this new order he eventually embodied in the Éire constitution, which was inaugurated in 1937. It might be well to mention, however, that these principles as they stand in the constitution were actually the philosophy of the De Valera government from the beginning.

The democratic form of government existing in Ireland seems to be both popular and efficient. Mr. De Valera, as prime minister, has proved himself capable in the management of home and foreign affairs. One of the many novel reforms his constitution introduced was the system of membership in the Irish senate on an occupational basis. Forty-three of the 60 senators who make up that body are the elected representatives of culture, agriculture, labor, industry and commerce, public administration and social services. The cooperation resulting from this setup has made possible much of the progress in Irish industrial and agricultural life. The foreign trade relations of Ireland,

**Mount St. Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y. March, 1941.*

before the present war, were advantageous and its credit sound. As proof of the latter, a $50 million loan was floated by the government in 1938 to cover the payment of land annuities to England. Within three days this loan was oversubscribed. That the government could and would take care of its own internal affairs was clearly evidenced in its handling of extremists such as the I. R. A., and in maintaining its present neutrality. Quite naturally, not all De Valera's policies are to the taste of everybody, and there is some grumbling. Mistakes have been made, but never once has the ideal of a Christian order been lost sight of.

Probably the greatest change effected by the new régime has been that in the rural life of Ireland. There was a time, not so very long ago, when nine-tenths of the best Irish land was in the hands of English landlords. English lords and ladies fared sumptuously on Irish beef and mutton; Irish men and women sickened on their daily diet of potatoes. Times have changed. That land is once again in the hands of its rightful owners. For some time past the Irish government has bought up approximately 100,000 acres of land each year and staked them off into convenient plots for its deserving citizens. Upon these small farms it has already erected over 100,000 homes at a cost of $100 million. To us accustomed to envision billions when we hear of appropriations, this may not seem an overambitious national venture, but we must remember that Ireland has a population of only 4½ millions. The Irish countryside is now plentifully dotted with new stone-walled, slate-roofed cottages, which tell their own story of social and economic security. These small homesteads represent the present fulfillment of the obligations which the state took upon itself in its effort to establish universal economic security. The farm owners are for the most part simple peasant folk who 20 years ago could hold no better hope for their old age than the county workhouse.

Parallel with this advance has naturally come a great increase in the quantity and quality of farm products. Sugar beets, wheat, cereals of all sorts, poultry, pigs, mutton and beef have made Ireland self-sufficient in these things, which are also instrumental in increasing her revenue from export trade. The credit for this development is due, in great part, to the state. It builds a house for the aspiring farmer in Meath, grants him a piece of land, gives him seed for sowing and guarantees him a steady market and a fixed price for every bushel of produce he can offer for sale. It does the same for the dairymen of Limerick, and the pig raisers of Sligo. The pig, in fact, has been so feted during recent years that he now commands a special cultus, not unlike that of the sacred cow of India. Bonuses and premiums have

made the farmer realize that an Irish pig, so long, so high, and with a small and shapely shoulder can find no match on the markets of the world.

Before the change came, Ireland annually imported over $40 million of foodstuffs. Today these same products provide the largest source of export income.

When the Irish Free State came into being, there were neither adjustments nor corrections to be made in Ireland's industrial life, for the simple reason that it had none. To industrialize the country meant to start at rock bottom. Its pioneers in self-government realized fully the difficulties involved in the lack of raw materials, natural resources and skilled labor; they also realized that the freedom for which they had fought so hard depended for its existence upon the creation of an industrial life. Real progress was at first painfully slow and uncertain, but the foundations for a new epoch in Ireland's history were carefully laid. One of the all-important milestones in this period was the inauguration of the Shannon Power Electricity Scheme in 1929.

By 1932, Ireland was prepared to shake off its lethargy, and make its bid for position in the great world of industry. So rapid and so extensive have been the upheavals in its industrial life since then, that this period is hailed as the "Irish Industrial Revolution." Thenceforth factories and mills were to multiply miraculously. First came the wholesale production of necessary commodities, later of luxuries. Before the outbreak of the present war, Irish industry had more than doubled its output, and within the first five years of the new era, had increased its employment rolls by 43,000. Between the years 1932 and 1937 more than 200 new industries were established on Irish soil. This figure gives some idea both of the progress now being made, and of the helplessness of Ireland in former years. It will serve to explain the wholesale emigration of the youth of Ireland to foreign lands, beginning 300 years ago, and ending only with the present decade.

Nor is all this present stir and bustle without effect. In the early 20's Irish lads and lassies, for all their simplicity, wore $30 million of imported clothing each year. Today they make $20 million worth themselves.

No one county or province has an industrial monopoly; factories and plants have been distributed equally throughout the 26 counties. Nor are the individual plants themselves very large. Out of 4,121 factories and plants listed, only 39 of them employ more than 500 workers.

It is within the ranks of the daily toilers and their families that the new Ireland counts its greatest gains. It is the kind of progress that is difficult to measure or to calculate in cold figures; just as it is difficult to gauge the joy of a new-found freedom or

the peace which comes with security. The growth and expansion of industry has absorbed thousands of Irish workers who would otherwise be forced to swell the ranks of the "wild geese." Better wages, increased security and improved living conditions have done much to make the lot of Tim and Mike and their little tots a happier one. Recreational centers for every member of the family, hospitals for the sick, pensions for the aged, state employment agencies, unemployment insurance, and free schools of all types are so many concrete expressions of national activity in the cause of the worker.

It is only fair to mention that the picture has also a dark side. Despite the fact that Ireland has a very small population (it has the lowest density of population of any European agricultural land), it still has its unemployment problem. Many promises remain unfulfilled, and many dream ships are still far out at sea. The disturbing problem of partition causes great unrest and uneasiness. But at least every man can feel that his problems are the problems of his country; and, we might add, he would be a poor Irishman indeed if his country's problems were not intimately his own. Who can tell what the future will be if Ireland is left to work out its own destiny in an Irish, Christian way?

Water Music

Lough Gur has been called the Enchanted Lake; some say that in ancient days there was a city where the lake is now, before an earthquake threw up the hills and filled the hollow with water so that the city was submerged. Even now, the peasants say, when the surface of the lake is smooth one may see from a boat, far down and down again, the drowned city, its walls and castle, houses and church, perfect and intact, waiting for the day of resurrection. And on Christmas Eve, a dark night without moon and stars, if one looks down and down again, one may see lights in the windows, and listening with the ears of the mind, hear the muffled chiming of church bells.

From *The Farm by Lough Gur* by Mary Carbery (Longmans: 1940).

The ancient Irish story tells how Finn, when asked to state what music he preferred, enumerated the song of the blackbird, the screaming of the eagle, the sound of the waterfall, the bay of the hounds. But when Oisinn was asked to tell what music delighted him, he replied, "The music of the thing that happens."

From *The Catholic Literary Revival* by Calvert Alexander, S.J. (Bruce: 1935).

Good Friday in Venezuela

By HEYWOOD BROUN

Condensed from the New York *World-Telegram**

Some few years ago I went on a spring cruise. The steamer touched the northern tip of South America and paused for a day at the port so that the passengers might travel up the mountain to Caracas. When we reached Venezuela word came that Gomez, the old dictator, lay dying in the capital. And, as we went up the winding road, which drops a sheer 2,000 or 3,000 feet at convenient corners, I noticed that all those who walked along the highway were clad in black or purple. Young and old all seemed to be hurrying to some central point. And, naturally, it was my notion that they were hurrying to the palace to learn the fate of Gomez.

Of course, we went faster than the pedestrians, much faster than was my will and pleasure. I remember mountains above me and the hills leaping like waterfalls to meet the sea. Sky and sea and chasm pinwheeled across my vision. And all because an old dictator drew close to his appointed hour.

In the great square of the city these signs of mourning and of tribulation became banked into moving masses of people. And I thought to myself, "Perhaps the potentate is already dead, and it is for that reason that the garb of grief is to be seen on every side."

But at the door of the cathedral the driver stopped and said something to my companion. My friend translated and explained, "The driver says this is the service to mark the three hours of agony on the cross."

And it came to me that they mourned not for Gomez, but for the Son of God. Out of bright sunlight I came into cool darkness flecked, but not wholly broken, by the light of many flickering candles. And all about the walls and statues and across the shoulders of the worshipers I saw the Holy Week badge of purple.

I have seen church services in far and near places, and many were impressive, but here for the first time I saw a people who seemed to feel that the Passion of the Lord was actually occurring again.

Pilate was not a famous dead procurator of Judea who washed his hands in an ancient city long ago. It was but yesterday that Jesus stood before the Romans on trial for His life and was condemned. And at the very moment the living Christ hung on the cross.

An Indian woman, older than any being I had ever seen before, lifted her head from the floor as she prayed that

**New York City, April 4, 1939.*

death should not achieve its victory. Children in their purple smocks looked at the dancing lights and wondered. But they were silent.

It was as if some one of their own lay dying in a room at home. And all of them lived in a world in which each year Jesus again walked the earth and Judas brought betrayal in a pleasant garden. Many stood outside upon the steps under the hot sun and peered through the doors and down the dark aisles. They waited for some word from the mourners. Almost they seemed to say, "What is the news? How fares our Lord on Calvary?"

The faith of the faithful burns high along that mountain shelf. Some part of the agony is theirs, but the joy of resurrection bursts in their hearts like an apple tree suddenly come to bloom. To them the miracle is without question. They have lived through it, and rebirth becomes a part of their own experience.

Only one sleepy sentry stood outside the palace of Gomez. My friend spoke to him. "Gomez is very old," said the soldier, "and like you and me and the beggar in the street, he must die some day. But he is of strong will. He will breathe until he has seen another Easter morning."

I suppose that before death the old man wanted once again to dip his hands in life.

Ψ

Dictionary: New Style

Advanced opinions: Anyone who advocates the destruction of the religion and morality of Europe is said to hold advanced opinions.

Autobiography: A book of gossip about other people.

Boyish: An adjective applied to girls.

Confession: The widely-advertised publication of the intimate details of somebody's private life.

Galaxy: Five or six actresses.

Indispensable: Anything anyone wants to sell you.

Prodigy: A child who plays the piano when he ought to be asleep in bed.

Provocative: A reviewer's adjective for any book, when his other adjectives have been used up.

Quaint: Adjective used to describe the customs, manners, dress and architecture of a foreign nation.

Wit: Any public man who tells a story or repeats a joke.

From *Morton's Folly* by J. B. Morton.

Finland . . . Land of Heroes

By TOIVO ROSVALL

Condensed from the book*

Sisu is the dominant Finnish character trait. It has been translated as "guts," but actually the word is not translatable, for it is a many-sided, positive and negative, good and bad feature of the Finn. Sooner or later, everything the Finn does or does not do is labeled *sisu,* for in the last analysis, it is not only a fundamental Finnish character trait, it is the Finnish character.

Finland is beautiful, but it is harsh and poor. The story of Finland is the story of the storm and stress of a people who have had a hard fate, who have suffered need, who have had to renounce ease and comfort and peace. The Finns have met the challenge with *sisu,* with toughness and strength and tenacity.

Someone has suggested that if a Russian, a Swede and Finn were placed in a stony field and told to go to work, the Russian would sing and pretend to work half the day, the Swede would mutter and work until the afternoon, the Finn would look stolidly at the field and work hard until dusk. And the Russian would have accomplished nothing, the Swede would have cleared away the smaller rocks, while the Finn would have spent his day carrying away all the big stones from the field.

This is true of all walks of Finnish life. In England you see elderly gentlemen fishing patiently on the Thames, in the rain, intent on their task of doing nothing. In Paris you see the same men sitting all day long on the quays of the Seine. In Finland the elderly schoolteacher digs trenches on the frontier, and the philosopher turns to plowing a field or building a stone wall.

The Finn works hard when he has a wilderness before him to clear. He is a pioneer: Finland has been built because the people have had much land and freedom. As soon as civilization has come, bringing convention and political oppression, the Finn has retreated farther away, into the vastness of the miles of primeval forest and chains of lonely lakes. Here, alone, free to do as he pleased, he cleared the forest and carried away the rocks and was content. He worked hard, and as soon as the task was done he sat down and was bewildered.

Per Brahe was amazed at this Finnish temperament. He complained that the Finns would not work to produce more than they could consume. That was laziness, he asserted, and with laziness came drunkenness. This latter deplorable fault he blamed on

*1941. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York City. 272 pp. $2.50.

tobacco: when the Finnish soldiers returned from the Thirty Years' War in Germany they brought tobacco with them, and every man, woman and child immediately succumbed to the habit.

Brahe did not stop to consider that perhaps the Finns produced only enough for themselves because the excess would have gone into Swedish coffers. He did not stop to think that the Finnish winter can be gloomy, cold and enervating, with the sun in captivity and all nature brooding, and that a drink might not be out of place. He did not stop to consider that the hardiness and prowess of the Finnish soldiers, who were so useful in Sweden's armies, were a result of the centuries-long struggle against nature, a struggle which called for the utmost that a man could give. It is this same spirit which drives Finnish athletes to victory.

The Finn is an individualist, else he would not have sought the solitude of the forest, with its hardships. The Finnish town is not like a European town where the farmers live huddled together, surrounded by walls and the shadow of a castle, where the men and women go out to their strips of field in the morning. It is simply a church and a school and a store, while the Finnish farm is out in the country, surrounded by lakes and forests. The forest, in turn, has had its effect on the Finnish character. It has made the Finn gloomy, it has made him a mystic. The Finn worships his forest and stands in awe before it. It has made him a poet, for if the forest is gloomy, it is beautiful, too. The *Kalevala* reflects this mystic Finnish forest: it is the poetry of the forest. The forest has made the Finn fatalistic: there are the immutable forces of nature, one can only accept them. Perhaps that is why the Finnish newspapers carry the obituaries on the front page and begin the news meekly on page three. First, last and always, the forest has called for *sisu*.

These elements of Finnish character, the obstinate individualism and tenacity coupled with the forest-engendered mysticism, are reflected in the *Kalevala*. There is something of a brooding, gloomy quality in every Finn: he can rarely be completely carefree and gay. He feels more at home listening to a Finnish folk song—and Finnish folk songs are among the world's saddest.

This *sisu* of living an individualistic life in the forest has produced faults in the Finnish character. It has brought, curiously enough, jealousy and suspicion, traits that are reflected throughout all Finnish life. This suspicion is balanced with trust: in old Finnish houses doors were never locked, for there was no reason to suspect that anyone might come in but as a guest. Nevertheless, individualism breeds suspicion of what the other fellow might be up to, jealousy if he

seems to be getting ahead where one himself does not.

This individualistic effort of the Finn applying his *sisu* to the forest has demanded just as much strength and perseverance of the Finnish woman. She has worked just as long and hard as her husband, not only in the home, giving birth to children, cooking and cleaning, making clothes, doing a hundred odd tasks, but also in the fields, planting and hoeing, making hay, bringing in the harvest, milking cows. Thus the women, doing more than a fair share of the work, have won esteem and a position of independence for themselves.

Today the Finnish woman has a position of equality with men, and men have not bitterly opposed the granting of legal status and rights to women. The first advances were made during the reign of Alexander II: the law of 1863 declared women of age at 25 years and gave them the right to vote in local elections. In 1906, without any long suffrage campaign, women were given the franchise on terms of equality with men—Finnish women were thus the first in Europe to have these rights—and in the following year they had 19 women sitting in parliament! A new law in 1926 opened to them all professions, except the right to preach from a pulpit or become officers in the army. You find women as architects, dentists and lawyers. You find women running streetcars and driving taxicabs; you see them carrying heavy hods of cement at building constructions. They fill the post offices and banks. They shirk no kind of work.

I have said that the Finn is an independent creature, self-reliant, suspicious, cautious in trusting others. That is true. At the same time the Finn is highly cooperative. He understands the difficulties of others, and he is willing to help others out of those difficulties. He understands that by a common front, by cooperation, he is able to get more out of life for others and for himself. Seven thousand cooperatives now cover the country from end to end; consumers', distributors' and manufacturers' cooperatives, dairy cooperatives, housing and banking and insurance cooperatives. The cooperative movement is only 40 years old, but more than one-third of the population is enrolled in cooperatives.

Many Finnish homes have a reproduction of a certain painting on their walls: two men in fur caps are talking on a wintry night before a red cottage dimly seen in the background. It is an historic moment, just after the news of the February Manifesto spread through the land: Hannes Gebhard is telling his friend Serlachius, "We must do something to make our people strong enough to withstand the Russian oppression." With that statement the Pellervo Society was born, a society to educate the people of Finland, espe-

cially the farmers, to cooperative action. The government made cooperatives legal and, under the guidance of the Pellervo Society, producers' cooperatives, with banks to supply them with capital, sprang up.

The farmers, whose welfare was to be improved, have not been forgotten. There have been agricultural societies in Finland for over a century, and their organization has grown into a complex union of local and central societies. The cooperatives, likewise, work effectively with the agricultural organizations and give strong financial support to agriculture.

Gallen-Kallela once painted a picture which raised a furore in Finnish art circles. It need not have, for it is typically Finnish: sad, full of gloom and foreboding. The artist called it *Problem* at first; later he changed the title to *Symposium*. Four men, hollow-eyed, somberly dressed, are grouped around a table with wine bottles and half-empty glasses, wreathed in smoke. One of the men is asleep, his head covered with his arm. The other three, Kajanus and Sibelius and the artist himself, are looking calmly at a part of a dark wing, deathlike and mysterious before them, their problem. The men are silent, deep in thought, lost in the infinite sadness of life.

If the picture were Russian you could hear an intellectual declare that "existence is tedious. It is a senseless, dirty business, this life, and goes heavily." A Russian, yes.

The Finn sees the infinite sadness of life, and gloom of the forest, the hardships of existence. Then he sweeps away the wineglasses, lets fresh air into the room, bids farewell to introspection and goes briskly about his work. Self-reliant, strong, determined that he will either get the best of life—or death. That is *sisu*.

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